

COUNTRY LIFE

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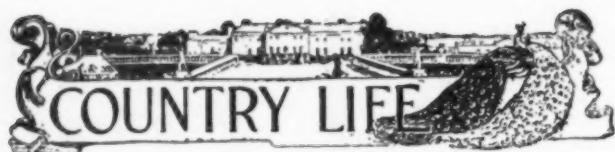
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From a charcoal Drawing

MISS VIOLA TREE

By J. S. Sargent R.A.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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FORESTRY AND THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

A SIGNIFICANT and important step has been taken by the Board of Agriculture in appointing a Committee to give advice relating to the development of forestry. The ideas even of experts on this question at the present moment are inconsistent. On one side there are pessimists who say that practically no land is available for forestry that is not capable of yielding more profitable crops, and, on the other, optimists who talk as though all the barren mountain tops and desolate moors could be made, as at the touch of a magician's wand, to wave with green and remunerative pine trees. Now, in regard to this, information is required on three points which have been singled out by the Board of Agriculture. The first is a forestry survey which would decide once and for all what parts of the country are capable of afforestation and worth it. The second is experimentation in silviculture and the laying out of forestal demonstration areas. The third is to find out the best way of training efficient woodmen. A very strong Committee has been formed under the chairmanship of Sir Stafford Howard.

It will be good to form as definite an opinion as is possible on what this Committee can do. It may be assumed that as far as the operations of forestry are concerned the country is already either in the possession of competent teachers or is capable of obtaining their services. After all, the correct planting of trees is not a very mysterious operation, and the subsequent care to be given to them is not greater than

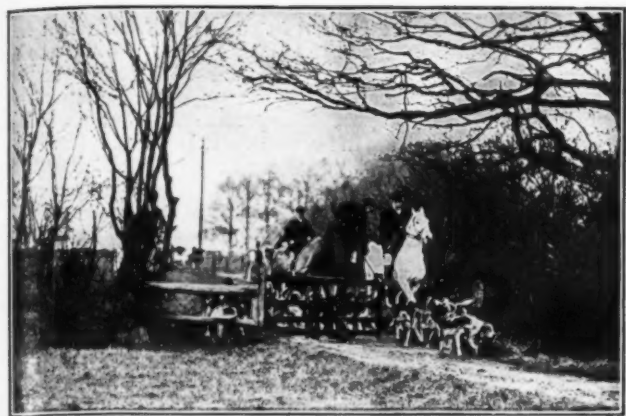
that bestowed on other crops. In fact, it is of the essence of the problem that the care should be less. Forestry will make no headway in this country until it is proved to demonstration that it can be carried out without a vast outlay. Anyone who considers the question in its rude outline will be obliged to come to this conclusion. Forestry demands that a huge area should be devoted exclusively to it for a large number of years, say, half a century. During that time capital is locked up. It may possibly be that as growth reaches a particular stage the original planter may find himself in the possession of property on which a loan can be raised. But if he raises a loan, this means that still more capital has been invested. The trees grow on and yield nothing till the due time arrives. Further, growing timber as a security is subject to very great drawbacks. As long as it is growing it is exposed to danger from winds and tempests and from those pests and vicissitudes of which the countryman speaks summarily as blight. Thus the timber crop is handicapped by having to yield interest and compound interest during a period of fifty years or so. In order to be remunerative, therefore, it must be started with a minimum capital, and in the end make a heavy and remunerative return. Other problems equally important await the solution of the Committee. For example, the owner of waste land in many cases does not know whether or not it can be planted with a reasonable hope of securing a good return. It has been shown quite recently in our columns that many parts of the country which are now given up to heath and bog must at one time have nourished trees of considerable dimensions. Their trunks and stumps are still to be found at altitudes beyond those of the prudent modern planter. It would be a waste both of money and energy to plant saplings where they had little prospect of turning into anything much better than scrub.

It must be the business of the experts to throw light on this very dubious side of the subject. How far can planting be carried with the aid of wind shelters or other scientific contrivances? No doubt this is at the root of the matter. We ourselves know examples where a considerable growth has been made owing to the presence of a wall or a screen of hawthorn bushes, while exposed plantations on a lower slope had altogether failed. It is not the temperature of a moderately high altitude that is fatal to tree growth, but the persistence of cold and blasting winds. Whether in the past Nature supplied some protection, or whether this was done by foresters more skilled than we imagine, it is certain that the trees were induced to grow somehow. The practical landowner needs to be informed not only that he can set his plantations going, but that the soil is capable of producing and maintaining good and saleable timber. It is easy to talk of the vast regions of waste in a country like Great Britain, but there are many mountains formed of rock on which nothing can grow, just as in the West of Ireland there are hills on which the penurious small holder could not make a living, even if he were able to obtain a hundred acres without rent. There is almost nothing but bare rock except in natural basins and declivities into which the erosion of ages has washed a flinty soil. It is perfectly true that the hard rock contains all the elements of fertility, but slow-moving Nature takes ages to make them available. When we come down from the hilltops other considerations arise. At present the tendency is for the products of the land to go steadily upward in price. This means that crops become profitable which were not so in the era of cheapness. For example, we remember when wheat was sold for twenty shillings a quarter, and even below that. To-day it is considered to be low in price when it falls below thirty-five shillings. Obviously, land which could not be cultivated for wheat at twenty shillings a quarter, except at a loss that was deadly, may be brought under the plough to more purpose when wheat is at thirty-five shillings a quarter. Apply this principle to all farm products and it will easily be seen that the question which the practical farmer must always ask himself when he entertains the idea of afforestation is, Which will be the most profitable, trees or cereals? He will not plant a crop of long-delayed return if the other is possible.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Viola Tree, from a charcoal drawing by Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A. Miss Tree is the daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Tree; her engagement to Mr. Alan F. R. Parsons was announced on Tuesday.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES

MR. WALTER RUNCIMAN was put through his paces in the House of Commons on Monday night, when a debate was raised on the Supplementary Vote for the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. He emerged in a satisfactory manner from the ordeal. In regard to co-operation, he showed that great difficulties are being encountered and that the English farmers are reluctant to combine for this purpose. In regard to research, he informed the House that about £1,000 was being spent during the present year in the investigation of swine fever. A large grant is being asked for the Foot and Mouth Commission, chiefly because India offers the best centre for the work, and considerable expense will be incurred. Substantial encouragement is being given to agricultural workers at Rothamsted and Cambridge. These are all directions in which the activity of the Board can be legitimately exercised. Moreover, it does not require that a Minister should be an expert agriculturist to see to them. They are really matters of business, and Mr. Runciman's energy ought to produce good results.

The Minister of Agriculture feels the lack of training in husbandry most when dealing with small holdings. It must be very difficult for him to gauge the extent to which the enthusiasm for them is waning; and he does not seem to appreciate to its full value the danger there is in changing the tenant and landlord system, which has adapted itself naturally to the needs of society in Great Britain, for a purely artificial system, of which the only fact we know certainly is that it previously expired of inanition. Without questioning his good faith in the slightest, we must say we are not impressed with his defence of the Small Holdings Commissioners. Not that we think their appointment a matter of jobbery. The time has gone past when corruption of this kind prevailed in either party. But if we judge these Commissioners purely by the reports that they have submitted from time to time to the Board of Agriculture, it is impossible to deny that they are sanguine zealots who, instead of confining themselves to a careful and impartial presentment of facts, go off on the slightest provocation into ecstatic gush for a system which they are not qualified to view in its right perspective. Mr. Runciman would do well to understand that those who study the Land Question without the slightest regard to any party advantage connected with it are convinced that there is great trouble brewing. It comes from two quarters—(1) the disappointment of those who have been tempted to form a too rosy vision of small holdings and are disappointed; and (2) the abuses to which municipal ownership of land is giving rise. The barnacles are already visible on the ship, although it may be described still as new launched.

A correspondent whose letter, although of great interest, is rather too long for publication, *à propos* of a remark made in this column last week, that it would be well if the Departmental Committee on Small Holdings contained members familiar with the erection of cheap and convenient buildings, lays down the sound principle that the more money there is expended in building operations the higher must be the dead expense. He goes on to advocate that "all outbuildings should certainly be built of wood, reared on small brick foundations, because we can build a wooden structure at half the cost that we can build a brick and tile structure." He tells us that on his estate there are buildings of this kind that have served their purpose excellently

for a quarter of a century. If the outside be creosoted or black varnished and the roof thatched occasionally, they look like lasting for as long again.

After long discussion in the public Press and protracted negotiations, it was finally decided in September, 1911, that the land allotted to the Trustees of the Natural History Museum in 1899 should not be encroached on in building the proposed Science Museum, a decision hailed with satisfaction by every naturalist and well-wisher of that great Department of the State. Though the position of the northern boundary line has been settled, we hope, once and for ever, the much-vexed question of the extension of the Spirit House, so greatly needed at the present time, remains unsettled. The hopelessly overcrowded state of the specimens in spirits makes it absolutely imperative that immediate provision should be made on a large scale, so that this very important part of our great national collection may be placed in proper order and made available for purposes of study. The obvious course would be to extend the existing spirit building, which lies behind and to the north of the Natural History Museum, by adding wings stretching east and west towards the Exhibition Road and Queen's Gate.

A disquieting rumour has reached us that His Majesty's Office of Works are now about to provide for the extension of the Spirit House by erecting a new building in the ornamental gardens facing Cromwell Road, and immediately in front of the Natural History Museum. The proposed building will, we believe, be partly underground, only some six feet or so being visible, and it is difficult to imagine how it can be in any way really suitable for the purpose for which it is intended, ample light and space being essential features. We can hardly believe it possible that the Trustees can have countenanced such a scheme, which, if carried out, can only be regarded as an act of vandalism, for it will destroy not only the charming garden, but the whole appearance of the Natural History Museum of which the public are justly so proud. It is to be hoped that the ground behind the Museum, so obviously the proper place for the extension of the Spirit House, may still be made use of, and that the plan of trying to build a Science Museum on an area too hopelessly small for such a purpose will be abandoned by His Majesty's Office of Works. If such a building is erected on the ground available, the accommodation provided can only be sufficient for a few years, and allows of no possibility of future extension.

TO A MODERN FOWL.

A Chicago scientist has discovered that if fowls are fed with hexamethylenetetramine, this substance will decompose in the growing egg and set free formaldehyde, which affects the elements of the egg so as to preserve it and lengthen the time which normally intervenes between the fresh and the unpalatable egg.

Thank you, clever hen that lays
Eggs that last for many days;
Eggs that chicks can never be;
But, for breakfast, or for tea—
Boiled or scrambled, poached or fried,
Fragrant with formaldehyde—
On my table may appear
When they've been extant a year.

Don't revert to cruder ways,
Eating barley, wheat or maize;
Do not make your owner weep
By laying eggs that will not keep.
Such a course your friends would vex,
But where blooms the tasty Hex-
amethylenetetramine,
Kindly hen, go there and dine.

JOHN F. HAYLOCK.

A splendid spring morning favoured the opening of the Shire Horse Show at Islington on Tuesday. During the previous day Londoners had watched with great interest the huge cart-horses being led through the streets from the railway stations at which they had arrived, and the interest in the breed seems at the present moment greater than ever, despite the advance which has been made by mechanical power. The entry is a very large one, and the only reason for it not being larger is that it exhausts the capacity of the building. A very agreeable feature connected with the show is that the preliminary examination proved that there were fewer unsound horses than used to be the case five or ten years ago. The stringency of the veterinary examination at that time caused a considerable amount of grumbling, but it is bearing good results now. Of course, all interested in the breed will pay Islington a visit; but we trust that the general public will also give their patronage. They

have an opportunity of seeing in perfection the noblest cart-horses in the world.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, the Postmaster-General, has stated his intention of introducing reforms into the telephone system and, if possible, of cheapening the service. Let us hope that when a practical readjustment takes place due attention will be paid to the needs of the solitary farmhouse. No one has greater need of a telephone than the average farmer, who is continually either buying or selling and to whom it is a matter of great importance to know promptly how prices are going; but it is his fortune, as a rule, to inhabit a house that has been built in the midst of fields, very often with no dwelling near it save those of the labouring men whom he employs. Thus, when he wishes to have a telephone in addition, he has to pay not only the regular tariff, but a much more substantial mileage charge. He may consider himself fortunate if he is able to obtain for £20 a year what is given to a subscriber for £6 a year if he has the luck to have three or four neighbours who will also take the service. This is not as it should be, and we hope that Mr. Goldman, who is championing the cause of the telephone-users, will take care to understand and present to the Postmaster-General the case of the farmer who inhabits an isolated house distant two or three miles from any other subscriber.

Our correspondent "W." is a very practical man in regard to milk, and we agree with him absolutely when he suggests that the consumer of milk stands in far more need of education than the dairy-farmer. That is a truth which we have repeated many times in these pages. At the same time, his explanation of the manner in which impurity is introduced into milk does not meet the facts. If the churn were to blame, then milk would be filthier in summer than in winter, because there is more dust then. The opposite is the case, however. Milk is very clean in summer when the cows are out to grass, and the sediment large in winter when the cows are in the shed. Further, our correspondent does not explain why it is that the milk from a careful dairy-farmer shows scarcely any sediment, whereas that from some farms is opaque, if not black. Until these facts are met it is impossible to accept his explanation.

The early salmon-angling has been a little disappointing. Perhaps this is in part because we entered on it with hopes set more than commonly high. The past winter, in all its conditions, has been so very favourable to the fish that not even all the disillusioning experience of past years could preserve us from great expectations. In the mood of anticipation we may still persist a while, for the real reason why the fishing has not been better is that the rivers have been high and, during much of the short season already gone, unfishable. The fish are there; of that there seems no doubt expressed on all the rivers that are open, whether in Scotland, Ireland or England, but there has been a succession of rain-storms that have kept the water high and coloured. On several rivers we are told that it has been the best spawning season ever known. This is a circumstance of a happy omen which we are not to see fulfilled this year or next; but in some five or six years' time we may hope to begin to see the products of the ova of this admirable year coming back from the sea.

There is a lesson to be drawn from the coal crisis which has not been generally perceived. The complaint has often been heard that in the early days of the feudal system exactions were made to satisfy the tyranny of kings and nobles. We hope that now, when it is the turn of the labouring men, they will not imitate doings which they have so frequently denounced. The danger is that through industrial organisations the liberty of the subject will be altogether destroyed. Great masses of industrial workers are as much under the control of their leaders as were the Roman legionaries. They are not allowed to exercise their own judgment either about working or ceasing to work; they are not allowed to bargain for themselves; they are not allowed to fix their own hours of labour. Moreover, it seems possible to them, by banding themselves together, to inflict a tax on the community compared to which those of the most rapacious king or the most extravagant Chancellor of the Exchequer are insignificant. Take the price of coal as an example. It is a necessity of life, and when its scarcity is foreseen, the rich may, to some extent, guard themselves against a rise in prices by laying in a large stock, but the poor man, who has not the capital to do this, is compelled to pay.

Practically speaking, the tour of the English cricketing team in Australia was brought to a close by the last Test Match, which was played at Sydney. Its importance was lessened by the fact that the rubber had been already handsomely won. On the previous occasion when Mr. Warner led his team to victory, success was gained by a very fine margin. At that time

England and Australia appeared to be so closely matched that it was only a turn of luck in the Mother Country's favour that decided the superiority. Things have been different on this occasion. Again Mr. Warner was the nominal captain of the team, although to his great disappointment a serious illness compelled him to abdicate in favour of Mr. Douglas. There was a considerable amount of misgiving at the start. Far from under-valuing the adversary, English cricketers exaggerated the potency of Dr. Hordern's bowling, and it was thought by many that we stood only a very slight chance. In a sense the unexpected happened. The English team has played magnificently throughout, even though the first match was lost; and the morale of the Australians seems to have been affected by the unhappy bickering that has been going on over the choice of a team to visit England this season. It is a very regrettable quarrel, and every good English sportsman will hope that the wound will be completely healed and Australia seen at its best during the course of the coming summer.

For some time past it has often been stated as a sound theoretical opinion that oil is in the way of replacing coal as a fuel for steamships. Mr. J. R. Harrison, the president of the Glasgow Steamship Owners' Association, who speaks with a very practical knowledge, hesitates to adopt this way. He points out many obstacles which have to be overcome before the substitution could take place. These are the cost of oil fuel, the increased cost of vessels suitable for oil burning and the necessity of putting oil depôts where the principal fuel depôts exist. These are no slight difficulties. Until they are overcome it does not seem at all likely that oil will take the place of coal as a fuel for ocean-going ships. The declaration may, perhaps, damp the ardour of a great many people who have been speculating heavily in oil shares during the past two years; but the public will be very glad to have the opinion of a cautious and trustworthy business man.

THE MILL.

The white road like a trail of mist
To yonder wood winds frail and still.
To left and right the country falls
In sleepy folds. A far ewe calls
Her lambs along the hill.
And with its four sweeps, dark and high,
The windmill stands against the sky.

Uplifted o'er the long day's toil,
Aloft above its gain and loss,
Upon earth's topmost crest it builds
Its sad and steadfast cross,
Yet shall the dawn wind, sprung from far,
Kiss but this cross to find a star.

H. H. BASHFORD.

A considerable change is coming over the habits of society in the direction of dwelling more in London in the winter and more in the country in the summer than used to be its fashion. It is a change which is, no doubt, due to an increased appreciation of gardens and other country pleasures. No class of people have their fingers more sensitively on the pulse of changes of this kind than the house agents, and any London house agent will tell you that while it becomes increasingly difficult to let furnished houses for the season, the demand for such houses in the winter, and especially from the New Year up to Easter, is constantly growing. It is surely no wonder that it should be so. The new life begins in the country about Eastertide, with the narcissus abundant, and thenceforward is a kind of floral carnival throughout the summer. Yet this is the time that our fathers used to select to shut themselves up between the blank walls of cities. In this respect, at least, we may hope to be showing ourselves a little wiser than they.

It is interesting to see how the language is enriched, or is demoralised—according to the point of view of the etymologist—by new words finding from time to time a place in it which promises to be permanent. The curious noter of coincidences may observe how usually of late the new introductions have had the letter "B" for their initial. From America, which is something like a happy hunting-ground for new species of the kind, we received long ago the "boom" and the verb "to boom." An unfortunate Irish landlord has supplied us with the verb "to Boycott." Scotland, with Mr. Cyril Maude acting as sponsor, is in present process of grafting on our mother tongue the verb "to Bunty." Many a husband who would be grievously offended if he were to be charged with being "henpecked" would gladly and gratefully admit himself to be "Buntied." The pleasantness of the method would lead him to acquiesce most amiably in the result.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN'S PICTURES.

THE removal of the Pierpont Morgan treasures to New York is the most severe artistic loss Europe has ever experienced. For years this famous connoisseur has been represented at every important sale in England and on the Continent, with the result that—backed by a limitless purse and the trained taste of the chief experts of the moment—he has brought together a mass of precious *objets d'art* which will probably never be surpassed. The future may produce multi-millionaires whose hoards will make Mr. Morgan's immense wealth appear insignificant. But one thing we cannot expect from the future, because we have almost ceased to find it in the present. The craftsmen of to-day have lost the subtle individuality which is the distinguishing joy of the art-workers of the past. We can no more recover the old spirit than we can live again the minute that has gone.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has conducted his operations upon an unparalleled scale. His net has swept every river and stream of artistic energy. Pictures, books, manuscripts, tapestry, bronzes, miniatures, ivories, crystals, porcelain—nothing comes amiss to him. He has specialised only in the best. And it is just the best which Europe can ill afford to lose.

Glancing through the wonderful catalogues issued, and remembering the contents of the empty cases in the Loan Court at South Kensington, we begin to realise the calamity of the transportation now in progress. We are mourning over some of our most cherished work. This steady drain cannot continue indefinitely. The supply is limited. And without any selfish ill-will towards the citizens of the New World, and benefactors of the type of Mr. Morgan, it is impossible to contemplate this legal spoliation in any other light than that of the loss of a national heritage for which we shall be severely judged by our children. One country has had the courage to promulgate a law restraining the exportation of works of artistic value. The

subject is one of many difficulties, but Italy's policy of self-protection will have to be followed sooner or later by the rest of Europe. The root of the matter is this. The New World is taking from us treasures we can never replace, treasures which are essential to our own æsthetic enjoyment as well as to the education of the unborn generations. And the New World can offer us nothing in return. There will be a great art across the Atlantic, but only after centuries of development. Until that day there can be no interchange between Europe and America, and at present the whole business is one-sided.

This is not Mr. Pierpont Morgan's affair. He has been so generous to London in allowing us to study his craftwork that it is to be hoped that he will consent to an exhibition of the pictures before they leave Prince's Gate. In examples of the English School his gallery is particularly rich. Sir Joshua is here to be seen at his best, the "Lady Betty Delmé and Her Children" being one of the choicest canvases that ever rested on his easel. Although the President was a hardened bachelor, he excelled in family records of this nature—a smiling mother, a healthy boy in a vandyke collar, a shy little girl with the puckish look Reynolds gave to most of his children, and in the foreground a sleepy Scotch terrier. The composition breathes that atmosphere of peace and refinement which is characteristic of the English domestic portraiture of the eighteenth century.

Etched by Valentine Green in 1779, it was probably painted about 1777, although Sir Walter Armstrong and Mr. Humphrey Ward are not in exact accord upon the point. About 1774 or 1775 Reynolds was at the height of his powers, and 1777 was possibly the most brilliant year of his life. He contributed thirteen canvases to the Academy, he was busy on the groups for the Dilettanti Society, he entertained the noblest and cleverest men of his age. And, certainly very deaf and outwardly of somewhat



A FAMOUS SIR JOSHUA.
(Lady Betty Delmé).

stolid temperament, he did not disdain pleasure, went masquerading with the ponderous Gibbon and sat on the wooden seats at Drury Lane, where Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was waking up the town with its coruscating wit. As this portrait will ultimately go to New York, it is interesting to recollect that one of the topics of conversation between painter and sitter must have been the latest news from the revolted American colonies.

The other English pictures—Gainsboroughs, Romneys, Hoppners, Raeburns, Turners—have been selected with consummate skill. The French section of the collection contains a few attractive portraits. M. Arsène Alexandre once called Nattier the French Gainsborough, a comparison



FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

After Pater.

hard world. They were painted for Madame du Barry at Louveciennes, but were never fixed. They should have been left to grow old in the quiet obscurity of the shuttered château at Grasse from which the dealers ripped them. They have the essence of the light-hearted spirit of pre-Revolution heedlessness, and are as sweet and volatile as the perfumes of the cloudless South.

All great art is happiness. Van Dyck was most glorious during his Italian days of love and sunshine, and the radiance

of his Genoese period was never quite recaptured. At Genoa he offered his heart to every proud dame who sat in his studio. They must all have smiled upon him. Even if they did not, he never allowed his disappointment to be revealed in his work. "The Marchesa Spinola" has made many journeys since she was taken from the walls of her palace in the Italian seaport. But she remains, and will remain until canvas crumbles into dust, always the witness of a great master's ethereal adoration.

Rubens was attracted by women, but he did not love them with the romantic fervour of Van Dyck. In his portrait of "Anne of Austria" (which came from Blenheim) he did not forget that he was a courtier as well as an artist. As a study of character it is extremely fascinating. The young Queen was surrounded by a gay Court—Marie de Rohan, Mme. de Vernet, the Princess de Conti and Mlle. de Verneuil. Her relations with Louis XIII. had not yet become tragic. Life was to be enjoyed, and even prim Mme. de Motteville does not



ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

After Rubens.

over which we may easily argue. But Nattier's charm is unquestionable, and Mr. Morgan's "Mademoiselle de Charolais" is a good example of an artist who was disregarded fifty years ago. Diderot could not make up his critical mind about Nattier, but there is no hesitation in the saleroom. But only millionaires can hope to emerge victorious from the struggle. Mr. Morgan does not appear to own a Watteau, but he has four Paters and three good Greuzes—"Le Dévideuse" ranks among the best. The most exquisite possession at Prince's Gate is the immortal set of ten panels in which Fragonard recited the "Roman d'amour de la jeunesse." Fate has always been cruel to these masterpieces. They are too fragile for this



LE DÉVIDEUSE.

After Cicero.



MADemoiselle DE CHAROLAIS.

After Nattier



PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND CHILD.

After Van Dyck.

attempt to hide the truth that it was enjoyed. Anne of Austria was vain in her youth. Her hands were reputed the most beautiful in Europe. "Their whiteness was the whiteness of snow," says her friend and historian. The artist did not shirk his duty, and the Queen's hands are the most prominent objects on the canvas. Rubens was a diplomatist, as well as a master.

HUGH STOKES.

ORCHARDS AND SPRING FROSTS.

IN the West of England serious fears are expressed as to the fruit crop prospects. The country in many parts is quite as forward as it has been seen on some May Days. The grass is growing, and the pasture fields are as green as a well-kept lawn, the singular fact being that the very sharp spell of frost has hardly left any visible effects on the vegetation. In fact, it scarcely browned the grass a bit. At the present time the primroses are blooming freely by the roadside, the gooseberries are quite out in green bud in the gardens and in a few days many of the early pear trees in sheltered situations will be in full bloom; the elm trees are quite ruddy. Now, all this means that the season is too forward, and should we get a return of sharp weather in March or April all this precocious growth and bloom will be sacrificed. In another direction this mild spell will have its adverse influence; the bees are busy flying instead of hibernating, and they are in consequence using up their stores very rapidly. It will be well for all bee-keepers to put a cake of candy on the bars to be available in case of need.

ELDRED WALKER.

Mr. Eldred Walker's note from the West Country discloses a state of things which prevails to a greater or less extent throughout the United Kingdom. Frost does no harm in winter, when the fruit-buds are undeveloped; but it is fatal in spring, after they have once appeared. We cannot do much better than refer our readers to the American publication called "Better Fruit," which in November, 1911, published a special orchard-heating edition. In this illustrations and descriptions were given of the methods used in Rogue River Valley to prevent frost injury. At home here in England, especially in small orchards, a smother fire is as good as anything. By this time a considerable quantity of inflammable rubbish, or at least of rubbish that can be burned, has accumulated in the garden and orchard in a damp condition very suitable for the purpose. It has to be remembered that the object is not so much to raise the temperature by artificial heat as to raise a cloud of smoke which, hanging over the orchard trees, affords them the best protection. Therefore the best plan is to begin by making a glowing red fire capable of the slow consumption of heavy logs. Put these logs on when the fire is at its brightest, then cover up with the prunings of trees, laurels, dead stalks of flowers, in fact, all the refuse of the garden. The volume of smoke depends on the ardour of the fire and the condition of the rubbish placed above it. This is the method which will come handiest to those who are occupying only a small orchard. Those who grow on a larger scale will do well to consult the publication referred to. The first illustration in it shows fir cord-wood used in an Oregon orchard. A pear crop valued at a thousand dollars an acre was saved by this means at a cost of four dollars an acre. Sticks four feet long were piled on the fire till the requisite volume of smoke was produced. In another orchard a distillate was used and the crop was saved, while one across the road was destroyed by frost. This distillate is described as a perfect fuel. It burns readily, leaves but very little deposit and does not tend to produce much soot. In the Burrell Pear Orchard, Medford, sixty fresno pots to the acre are used for crude oil, and prove successful. On another seventy pots per acre were used successfully. A double row of pots was used in a Medford orchard to protect the sides from which prevailing winds blow. This orchard actually set more fruit than it could carry and very few pears were frost-marked. Coal and oil heaters have also been

successfully employed. For further particulars we would refer our readers to the publication in question. All that we want to show at present is that this question of heating orchards is both practical

and important. Those engaged in fruit production cannot afford to neglect it in a climate like ours, and particularly in the very forward season which is now upon us.

THE SHIRE HORSE v. MOTOR-LORRY.

THE goods train, the steam plough and cultivator, the steam-digger and, last of all, the motor-plough and motor-lorry, have each in turn, so we have been told, sounded the death-knell of the cart-horse. These iron horses make sound enough, and may be heard rattling, puffing and whistling everywhere, but they have not run the heavy horse off the road yet. In what used to be quiet country lanes, in the open and most out-of-the-way fields, as well as in the crowded thoroughfares of our big cities, we now come across these hideous but useful iron horses, with all their accompanying smell, smoke and din. Certainly at first man's old slave the cart-horse was very frightened at his noisy competitor; but now he patiently plods along as of yore, up and down the plough-field or through the busy street, and passes his rival without notice. The cart-horse-breeder has learnt that he, too, need not dread that his business will be ruined by either steam or petrol. Unlike the coach-horse, bus-horse, cab-horse and vanner, the heavy dray-horse is wanted solely for his immense strength, and with him it is not a question of how quickly he can haul a heavy load, but how much he can "shift" and at what price per ton.

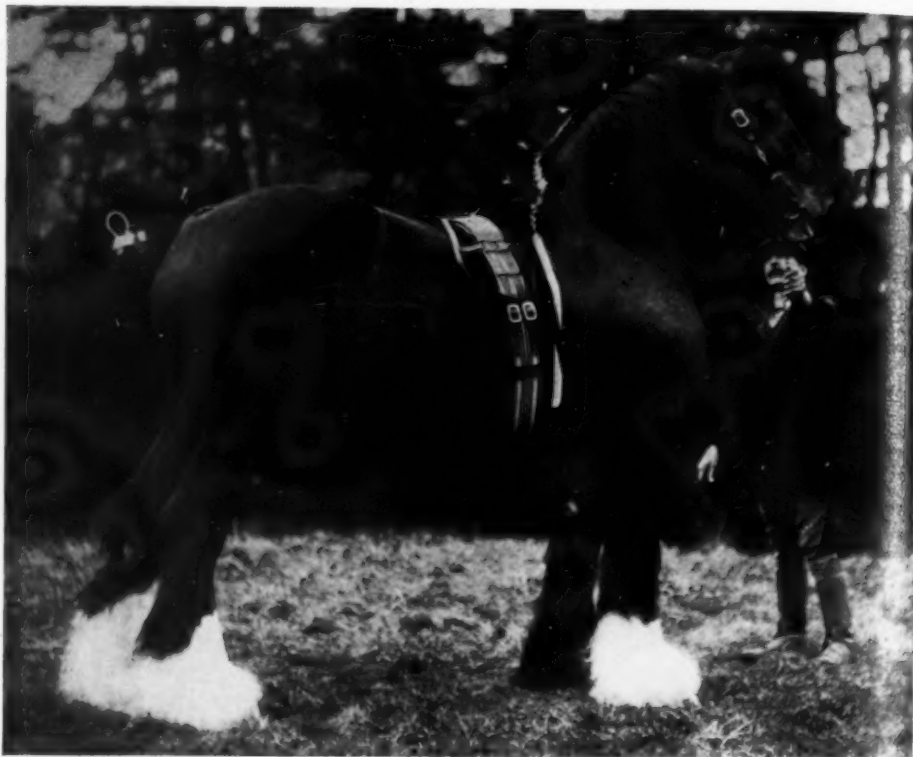
It is the extra pace of the motor that is driving the light horse off the street and lowering its market value. To-day the heavy, sound Shire gelding, which of all breeds is most adapted for town work, is as dear to buy as ever he was; in fact, some say he is dearer. In the long run it is the commercial value of any breed of livestock that induces breeders to give fancy prices for the best

specimens. Breeders would not continue to give a very high figure for a Shire stallion or shorthorn bull unless the breed was universally popular. The sure sign that a breed is commercially useful is not so much that there is a good market for the most celebrated sires of that particular race, but that there are eager buyers for its less perfect males. The fact that

a good Shire gelding or shorthorn steer will always find a customer proves the commercial value of these breeds. So long as the trade for good, heavy town horses continues, and there seems every probability of it doing so, breeders of pedigree Shires may rest assured that their branch of farming will prosper. The prosperity of the pedigree Shire trade does not depend on foreign buyers. The official export certificates issued by the Shire Horse Society in 1911 only numbered 521.

Good prices for first-class animals are anticipated at the Shire Horse Show this week. The unsettled state of all trades caused by the threatened coal strike may spoil the market for town horses for a time, but this should have but little effect on prices for breeding stock at the Agricultural Hall. Farmers may, I think, safely rely on being able to make £50 to £80 for sound, heavy young Shire geldings for some time to come.

Why the motor-lorry has not "cut out" the dray-horse yet is, I think, because in towns where the pace of motor traffic is limited the horse can haul a ton per mile cheaper than the motor can. I am told that a motor-lorry, such as brewers use, costs, to carry two tons, about £560, to carry three tons about £100 more, and so on in about the same



G. H. Parsons.

MR. SMITH CARRINGTON'S BLUSTERER.

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G. H. Parsons

SIR BERKELEY SHEFFIELD'S SLIPTON KING.

Copyright.

proportion. The cost of running a motor-lorry was estimated to me as 10d. to 1s. per mile. I cannot guarantee these figures as correct, neither have I statistics as to how haulage by horses compares with motor haulage; but, to my mind, it is certain that the demand for Shires for London, Manchester and Liverpool would not continue to be so brisk unless the horse is a more economical means of traction than the motor.

As to whether the right type of Shire is being bred nowadays is a question breeders must decide for themselves. Everyone, I think, agrees that good, sound feet, joints and limbs, added to immense strength and weight, are the first objects to be aimed at. The question of the amount of hair on a Shire's legs is always raising a deal of controversy. The foreign buyer does not want a horse with an abundance of hair on its legs, neither does the buyer of horses to work in our towns at home, and certainly the horse-keeper on a farm who has to get the balls of mud 'off his horses' legs after a day's ploughing is against it. This superabundance of hair is said to denote strength; it sometimes hides a fault, and tends to give an appearance of great size to the limbs. Personally, I am inclined to think that this hair on the legs is quite an unnecessary ornament.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

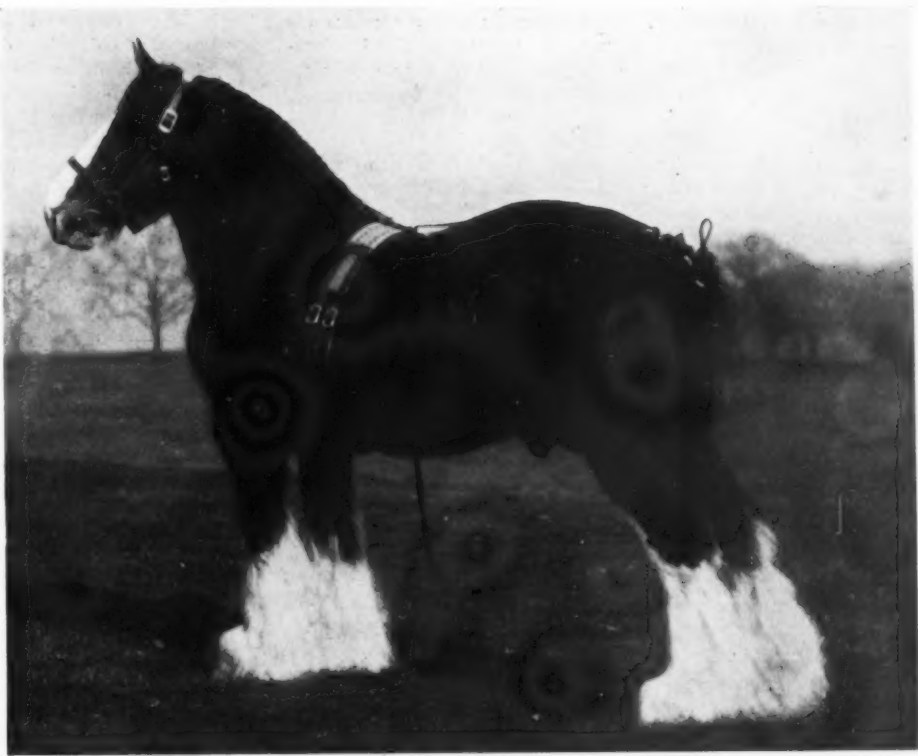
MILKING-MACHINES.

AN adverse report has been issued on milking-machines by the Midland Agricultural and Dairy College, which carried on experiments during the past summer. They used a machine of the vacuum or suction type, and the tests were for quantity and quality in comparison with hand-milking. The results bring out the old difficulty in regard to these machines that they do not strip the cows. In other words, the supply diminished much more quickly with the

machine-milking than with hand-milking. The milk yields of the groups of four cows fell from 617½lb. to 357lb. in ten weeks with the milking-machine; while in the same period the hand-drawn milk fell from 624lb. to 407½lb. Little change was shown in the quality of the milk; but in the experiments with cheese-making it was shown that, with the utmost care to keep the tubes thoroughly clean, the making of good cheese is more uncertain with machine-drawn milk than with hand-drawn milk. As far as these experiments go, then, dairy-farmers are confirmed in their belief that the problem of machine-milking has not yet been solved. The chief difficulty lies in milking the cow dry. If the machine does not accomplish this, then the trouble of finishing off by hand takes away any advantage that might otherwise arise from the mechanical method.

THE USE OF PRESERVATIVES.

It is welcome news that the Local Government Board have drawn up regulations, to come into force on June 1st, prohibiting the use of preservatives in milk and cream. They are to the effect that "no person shall add, or order or permit any other person to add, any preservative substance to milk intended for sale for human consumption, and that no person shall sell or expose or offer for sale, or have in his possession for the purpose of sale, any milk to which any preservative substance has been added." No thickening substance is to be added to cream or preserved cream, and no person shall add any preservative substance to cream containing less than 40 per cent. by weight of milk fat; nor shall anyone add to cream containing 40 per cent. or more by weight of milk fat any preservative substance other than (1) boric acid, borax, or a mixture of those preservative substances; (2) hydrogen peroxide, in amount not exceeding 0.1 per cent by weight, in any case in which the cream is intended for human consumption. We believe that these regulations will be generally welcomed by the dairy-farmer, although their effect, coupled with the insistence on purity of milk which is likely to be embodied in the new Act, will enforce



G. H. Parsons THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S WARTON DRAUGHTSMAN. Copyright.



G. H. Parsons. SIR A. NICHOLSON'S LEEK CHALLENGER.

Copyright.

increased care in production. On the other hand, the regulation is bound to have the effect of putting a stop to any possible importation of milk from the Continent. Without the use of preservatives it could not arrive on these shores in a fit condition to be distributed.

MILK COWS AND TUBERCULOSIS.

The report of the Committee for Fertilisers, Feeding-stuffs, Dairies, etc., of the Wiltshire County Council affords some exceptionally valuable information. It gives a statement that since the last meeting of the committee, the veterinary officers of the London County Council have inspected cows on farms as follows: At each of three farms one cow was discovered with tuberculosis of the udder. All the farms supplying a Wiltshire dairy factory were inspected, on 66 farms 2,276 cows being examined. Of this number only two were found to be suffering from tuberculosis of the udder. In these days of the tuberculosis in milk scare it is well to have official figures such as these to allay the anxiety undoubtedly expressed in many quarters among milk consumers. Perhaps it would be quite as interesting to know what is done with the milk and the resultant dairy produce made from cows affected with foot- and - mouth disease on the Continent.

E. W.

IN THE GARDEN

A PERGOLA AT GRAVETYE ON RISING GROUND.

I AM much in sympathy with the way the Italians have of building their pergolas without drawings to scale, as is necessary for architectural structures, and using the materials nearest at hand. It is a good way, and often the prettiest way, especially with an artistic race like the Italians. Those in charge of the place are the most likely to know the climbers they want to grow on it and how to humour them. It is very desirable that the materials used should be those of the locality. This pergola leads from the flower garden to the playground; above, the ground rises rather abruptly, and is mainly occupied by a bank of Azaleas. At first we made a path in the middle of the bank in the full sun, entering the playground from the centre. There was a group of trees at one end of the rising bank, under which nothing could be grown. Then it occurred to me to take advantage of this and build the pergola in the shade of the trees. The result of doing so was good. Some people say that pergolas are only right on level ground; but it is not so; they are adaptable for almost any kind of surface. Here we have the endurance which is essential for structures of this kind by the use of stock brick pillars, which were after a time lime-whited, as the effect is better. The main cross-timbers are of larch, and here we see the advantage of not following very strict rules, because we used pieces of larch from about the yard, which gave us something like the sizes we wanted; if not exactly the size,

it did not matter. It is important to have a good floor, and this we formed of old, rejected London paving-stones set in sand.

The trellis-work seen in the view is of chestnut and some stout Bamboo; but Bamboo does not last so long as Chestnut or Oak. The steps are very broad and low, as they ought to be, and in some spots Violets and small plants grow between the flags. It will be seen that this is the winter aspect of the pergola. The important point is to secure the right plants for such a structure, and in this case they consist of the nobler kinds of Roses, like *Rêve d'Or* and *Mme. Hector Leuilliot*, *Wistaria*, climbing *Polygonum* and the little wild Japanese Rose (*wichuraiana*), which is prettier for this purpose than the hybrids raised from it. The height of the pillars, varying according to the slope of the ground, is between eight feet four inches and seven feet four inches; the length of the main cross-pieces averages ten feet six inches; the width between the pillars is something between ten feet and eleven feet; the spacing of the trellis-work is between a foot and fifteen inches. The proportions were determined in the simplest way by setting up a few plants, the width considered in relation to the use and traffic of the pergola, which leads directly from the flower garden to the Azalea garden and bowling green and Heath garden.

WM. ROBINSON.

SOME USEFUL LILIES.

IN these days, when the cultivation of Lilies is only undertaken by the few, it may be useful to draw attention to the *speciosum* or *lancifolium* section of these beautiful plants. Although the flowers of the section under notice cannot be compared with the gorgeous blooms of *auratum* and *nepalense*, the plants have much to recommend them. For instance, they are by no means fastidious in their requirements, and can be planted in the open ground in March or early April, or in pots at the same season for flowering in the conservatory. It is, however, their suitability for the outdoor garden that endears these Lilies

to most lovers of hardy plants. The bulbs, which are imported from Japan, can be bought now, and if any disease is feared they should at once be well rolled in flowers of sulphur and laid up on a dry shelf for a week or so. They ought to be planted about four inches deep in good friable soil, and clusters of from three to seven bulbs, according to the effect desired, should be made. It is an excellent plan, especially if the soil is at all heavy, to place a layer of sand in the hole and set the bulbs on this, subsequently surrounding them with sand before filling in with ordinary soil. The bulbs should be placed at least a foot apart. There are several good varieties, notably *speciosum album* with white flowers; *magnificum*, large, rich ruby-coloured flowers with the petals edged white; *Melpomene*, purple crimson, margined white, a superb variety either for outdoors or pots; and *roseum*, white ground, freely and

heavily dotted with bright rose. All flower about September, a little earlier or later according to the locality and the progress the plants make.

GREENHOUSE FUCHSIAS.

Although Fuchsias have been neglected, there are a few gardens, more particularly in the Northern Counties, where large specimens, six feet high, are to be found. Cuttings of these rooted in gentle warmth early in March will quickly make nice young plants, especially if the tops of the shoots are pinched out once or twice to induce a bushy habit. They need frequent repottings, so that each one has a pot not less than six inches in diameter when the flower-buds appear. For soil, give them a mixture of very fibrous loam two parts, well-decayed manure one part, with a good sprinkling of coarse sand. Do not make the soil too firm. There are a number of beautiful varieties now to be had, and young plants can be purchased from most good nurseries during the next few weeks.

H.



PERGOLA ON RISING GROUND, SUSSEX.

Winter aspect; pillars of stock brick 14 x 14; main cross-timbers of home-grown larch; trellis-work, bamboo and chestnut; floor and steps, old London pavements.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

A CHANGE OF AIR.

BY
KATHARINE SYLVESTER.



CHRISTINA LAMOTTE and John Forbes, her brother-in-law, sat on opposite sides of the drawing-room hearth, gazing, not at one another, but downwards at the floor. The great disclosure had been made, and there had followed upon it one of those heavy silences that need courage to be the first to break. At last John spoke, lifting his head with a jerk. "You think, then, I have done the right thing?"

"I believe I do, John." She made the admission reluctantly, struggling against a vicarious sense of injury. "Alice would not have wished you to remain a widower either for Millicent's sake or your own," and she glanced at the photograph of the beautiful woman standing on a little table beside her with an unspoken aside that the original would have been very loth to entrust her husband with the choice of her successor.

"Oh, if it weren't for the child!" He made a gesture as though to repudiate any personal interest in the matter.

"And Miss Firmin?" asked Christina, a touch of compassion in her tone.

"Mary understands. She knew Alice and admired her tremendously, and realises, of course, that no one can ever take her place. But she gets on capitally with Millicent, and we shall have that great interest in common."

Side by side with her compassion Christina was aware of a feeling of indignation against the woman who could accept marriage on such a half-pay system. Conversation again flagged, and soon he rose to go. She braced herself for the necessary effort. "You know, Ambrose and I are to start next month for the States. I expect the family visits he means to pay will spread themselves over a year. You must bring Miss Firmin to dine with us before we go." He agreed with alacrity, making an engagement for the following Friday, and then left his sister-in-law to digest in silence the news he had brought.

Her husband coming in from his work half-an-hour later found her still meditating over the fire. She rang for fresh tea, while he took the seat that had lately been occupied by her brother-in-law.

"Been alone all the afternoon, Christina?"

"John Forbes has not long left."

"I thought you looked doleful. Poor old John. Is he beginning to lift up his head a bit?"

"Ambrose! He is going to be married again!"

"Married again!" he echoed, in a tone of mingled disgust and amazement. "Why, Alice has not been dead a year! He so crushed and bowed down! What can the man be made of?"

"I don't think he's really disloyal or faithless," Christina, to her own surprise, found herself taking up the cudgels for her brother-in-law. "But a man like John is not made to stand alone. There is a good deal of the woman in him, of the old-fashioned clinging sort. What would he have been without Alice?"

"Was he anything particular with her? A poor thing, but my own," she used to quote at him.

"It was certainly due to her only that they went everywhere and had everybody at their house. People briefed him because he was her husband. He'd have given up the Bar long ago if she'd have let him, and buried himself at Ashbury to play at country squire and politics, about which he knows as much as his own little Millicent."

"Do you know anything of this other woman?" asked her husband, after a pause, as he thoughtfully stirred the fire.

"She is the sister of the Curate at Ashbury, for whom she keeps house. She gave Millicent music-lessons when they were down there last year."

"Good Lord! A twopenny-ha'penny country music-teacher to take the place of his brilliant, queenly Alice!"

"Isn't it Jane Austen who says something about there being nothing left for a widower with a family but to marry the governess? We shall be able to judge for ourselves what she's like on Friday, when I've asked John to bring her here to dinner."

"With Alice's picture looking down at us as we dine, while this new woman makes eyes at her John. I suppose it was the right thing to do; but it does seem like rubbing

it in. Thank goodness Friday is still some way off!"

But, for all that, it was soon upon them, and, at the appointed time, John Forbes brought Mary Firmin to the house of his late wife's sister. Christina had awaited her guests in a state of mind where painful emotion had got the upper hand of curiosity; but both she and her husband could have laughed aloud when the door was thrown open and the pair were announced. A little, pale woman, with freckles and a lump of red hair, shyly preceded John Forbes into the drawing-room. Her simple dress, high at the throat, compared oddly with her hostess's elaborate toilette. Christina advanced to meet her with more cordiality than she had thought possible to put into her greeting. Here was no rival to her beloved Alice—the contrast was ludicrous, a striking proof of the sincerity of her brother-in-law's explanation of his case. All this flashed through her mind during the process of introduction. Still, at the same time, John Forbes' manner did not altogether confirm this impression. Standing beside his dumpy little *fiancée*, he seemed somehow to have grown in height and breadth, and to hold himself with more assurance. His expression bore no trace of resignation to a distressing necessity. The arrival of other guests, provided as buffers against the possible pain of too intimate a contact, produced a diversion. Then dinner was announced.

Through a mistake of the servants Mary Firmin was placed opposite John on the side of the fireplace over which hung a large painting, by a well-known artist, of his late wife in Court dress. The beautiful image, glowing with life, seemed about to step from its frame, and as the diners took their seats all eyes were directed to it, and then down at the little red-haired woman beneath, who sat short-sightedly sipping her soup. John's glance alone was not raised to the picture. He looked a good deal across the table at his *fiancée*, and, more than once, as Christina observed with a feeling of irritation, their eyes met, and Mary's cheek flushed as she answered his smile. In a contract to be regarded as merely a matter of business, flushes and smiles had no place. Millicent's welfare was in no way affected by them. And, what added to Christina's feeling of irritation, was the fact that Miss Firmin looked rather nice when she smiled. Then John, whose habitual taciturnity had been something of a difficulty at former dinner-parties, to-day appeared to have a great deal to say to his neighbour, Mrs. Collingwood, a stout dowager, who had known Alice. Their conversation was most animated, and once or twice Christina observed the lady, lifting her lorgnette, regard her brother-in-law with a puzzled smile.

"Yes," she overheard him say during a temporary lull, "I expect it will end in our settling altogether at Ashbury. It will be the best possible thing for Millicent."

"And your practice?" asked his neighbour, lifting admonishing eyebrows. "Dear Alice," she spoke softly, "was once ambitious for you. Did she not hope for silk?"

"I'm afraid she had long ago left off looking to me for any contribution to the family renown," he replied, with a touch of bitterness. "As for my practice, poor little hot-house growth, it must for the future learn to take care of itself! Besides, in these days of motor-cars, what is seventy miles from town?" And he glanced for the first time at the picture of his dead wife, with what, to her sister's sensitiveness, seemed almost a challenging look.

Later, in the drawing-room, the change they had thought to detect in him had disappeared. He wandered about, now as ever, a fish out of water in that fashionable circle. Mary Firmin, a modest little, Quakerish figure, sat at the piano and played accompaniments in as business-like a fashion as though she were hired for the purpose. Was it a year ago or yesterday that Alice stood by the same instrument, thrilling the ears of her hearers with the notes of her contralto voice, their vision with a feast of grace and glowing colour?

The guests had all gone, and Christina sat alone with her husband, free to discuss the events of the evening. For some time neither spoke, then Ambrose broke the silence. "Well?" he questioned, dryly.

She lifted a distressed face. "Oh, how could he, how could he? Hyperion to a Satyr! Is it the recklessness of despair? What do you think he means by it?"

"I'm not sure he knows himself. Certainly if he'd searched to the ends of the earth for a contrast he couldn't have succeeded better. Yet, I don't think Millicent's welfare is alone responsible for the move, or that it's being done altogether in the hair-shirt spirit. Did you see them nodding at one another during dinner? She looks quite different when she smiles, doesn't she?"

"Does she? I didn't notice," responded his wife, untruthfully. "Did you hear him tell Mrs. Collingwood he meant to settle in Ashbury, and shrugged his shoulders when she spoke of his practice? You should have seen her look at him! When one thinks it was the object of Alice's life to drag him from his native insignificance and make him play his part in the world! And now he lets everything slide. It's faithlessness and ingratitude both."

"Pity there's no law against social suicide," said her husband, reflectively, but his tone did not echo his wife's resentment. Perhaps he was still thinking of Mary Firmin's smile.

It was a year and a-half later that Mr. and Mrs. Lamotte sat in their New York flat, reading a letter they had received that mail from their friend Mrs. Collingwood. This is what she said:

"I have just returned from a week-end visit to your brother-in-law at Ashbury. He fetched me from the station in his motor; his wife, he explained, did not go out much just now. My dear Christina, I should not have known the man! He has positively grown. He wears bushy whiskers and knickerbockers, and looks as if he had never done anything all his life but walk about his acres and talk turnips! And his voice and manner! He shouts with laughter and is hail-fellow-well-met with every other man on the road. She hasn't altered much, except of course as to the figure. She has bought herself some pretty tea-gowns. It is simply ridiculous, the two are wrapped up in one another. She, in the attitude of worshipper, scarcely seems to see anyone else when he is in the room. Such a contrast—! And Millicent—she careers round them both like a young filly in a state of uproarious dishevelment that would have brought tears to dear Alice's eyes. But the child looks astonishingly well—no trace of the old delicacy. As to his practice, I hear he has refused all briefs lately, and is trying to let his chambers. I gather further he has some notion of coming forward as Liberal candidate for Ashbury, Ashbury that has returned a Tory, time out of mind! Between ourselves, we always thought him a bit of a booby, didn't we? and wondered whatever poor dear Alice could have seen in him, but that his folly could go such lengths. . . . And she actually encourages him. I caught her sitting at his feet nursing

a pile of blue books, while he read aloud from one he had in his hand. Reminded me of Dora Copperfield holding the pens."

Christina threw the letter from her indignantly. "If he were obliged to marry again, why couldn't he have got his friends to choose him a wife capable of looking after him and preventing him making a fool of himself? Wasting Alice's money in that fashion! If she'd only known, when she'd made her will, what he would have been up to with it!"

Again, a year later—the January of 1906—among the passengers arriving by the Cunarder and landing at Liverpool were John Forbes' sister-in-law and her husband. They were met by an old friend of the latter, a resident of Liverpool, who, after helping to stow them into an empty compartment of the boat-train, stood chatting with them during the short interval before its departure. "What do you think," he asked, suddenly, "of this about John Forbes?"

"Do you mean about the twins? We haven't heard anything else," said Christina, speaking quickly.

"No, that's not it, though I have no doubt they played a part. To think I should be the first to tell you the great news! Well, your brother-in-law is returned for Ashbury, in the Liberal interest, with a big majority, a most remarkable victory, for the place was reckoned a hot-bed of Conservatism. Much is put down to personal popularity. His energy is said to have been wonderful, such stirring speeches! A curious instance of adult development; for, if I may say so of a connection of yours, he is certainly the last person of whom such things might have been predicted. But I am afraid I have startled you, Mrs. Lamotte!" The train was already in motion, and he stepped back waving farewells. Christina had turned scarlet and then pale. As they steamed out of the station she flung herself back, covering her face with her hands. "I can't help it," she exclaimed, a little later, disclosing tear-stained cheeks. "But it is perfectly hateful! I know what people will be saying—I could see it all in that man's face as he spoke—that Alice was never the wife for him; that she over-shadowed him and dominated him, and wouldn't let him lead the life best suited to him, and that he has profited by her death! They will be giving this little music-teaching person all the credit of his success at poor Alice's expense! And it's really just the other way about! It could never have happened if Alice hadn't been his wife first and sown the seed of which this is the fruit. It is she that has won the Ashbury Election. Ambrose, Ambrose, you don't answer! Surely you agree with me, and feel as I do?"

He had been regarding his wife somewhat curiously during this outburst. Now his acquiescence came, not too promptly, at her appeal. But under cover of the newspaper he had taken up, his eyebrows rose, and his mouth shaped itself to a whistle.

THE OLD WALNUT TREE.

IN the West of England there is scarcely a characteristic ancient homestead which does not possess an old walnut tree. It almost always stands very near to the house, often in the homefield, and identifies itself with the life of the dwelling in contradistinction from the business of the field. In some parts it is as common as the yew in the churchyard. By country people it is still spoken of as "The Welshnut Tree," and under that title William Barnes made it the subject of a poem full of simple charm. But this name does not imply that the nut was indigenous. It is believed to have been brought to Britain by the Romans, who also introduced it into Germany, and both the vernacular "Welshnut," which calls up memories of quaint old yarus beside a great log fire, and the more aristocratic walnut, long ago comfortably wedded to a respectable old port, rosy, dry and full of anecdote, are but forms of the old Teutonic name "foreign nut," which the Saxons brought, although they found the tree already established here.

"The Welshnut Tree" most familiar to my youth stood in company with an old farmhouse remote from the high road. The dwelling was long and low, with a thatched roof of prodigious thickness, in the eaves of which sparrows had made many holes for winter roosting-places. In front lay a narrow garden full of sweet-smelling flowers from spring until the frosts of autumn. A good, old-fashioned soul, Widow Chubb by name, kept on the farm waiting for her boys to grow up. She was always ready to bestow a "tutty" of generous dimensions on any summer visitor, yet she could never hear her garden praised without apology. Her frugal mind could not recognise the wisdom of spending time and work merely for a reward in beauty and fragrance. "There! 'Tis no money out o' pocket," she would explain. "I do save my seed an' swop w' my friends one thing for t'other. An' to be sure, a body did really ought to grow a flower or two for the sake o' the bees." The humming from a long row of bee-butts, sheltered from the east by the garden hedge, never ceased to remind her of the duty.

The boys were my school-fellows. We played about the farm buildings, and found nests in every bush and hedgerow.

The homestead and the fields provided a succession of delights, but for excitement there was none to be compared with the swarming of the bees. When the bees hung in clusters by the entrance to the hive we awaited the swarm with an anxiety which the Widow Chubb fully shared. We hoped it might take flight when we were there. In that case we beat pans and kettles to induce the bees to settle quickly and near home, and when the swarm was successfully taken the event was celebrated with a sillabub. The widow found a bottle of white wine, made by herself from the small green grapes of the vine on the front of the homestead, poured it into a pail and milked the cow upon it. The sillabub was as essential to the taking of a swarm of bees as the hot cross bun to a Good Friday. And we always drank it under "The Welshnut Tree." There was no motive of convenience in this choice of place. It was the custom to hold the ceremony under those shady branches, and the widow would not have dreamt of going elsewhere.

Moreover, for all our games "The Welshnut Tree" was the rallying spot. If we played "I spy" it was always the home, and we ran to touch its trunk. At the Widow Chubb's the tree was singularly conveniently placed. Had it been planted with intention it could not have better suited our purpose. It may be that it was planted with intention. At other farms "The Welshnut Tree" was also the centre of our sports.

In such rural customs there is often an unsuspected significance; and that, apparently without design, these things should have taken place beneath "The Welshnut Tree" must at least be considered suggestive. The nut was sacred to Diana, as a goddess of fertility and increase. We celebrated the increase of the bees with this feast of sillabub, and were perhaps unconsciously representing a religious libation. Who shall say what pagan revels may be responsible for this choice of "The Welshnut Tree" as the home of our childish games? To this cult of Diana is also due a custom recorded in some countries of Southern Europe of scattering walnuts at weddings. The scattering of nuts doubtless had the same significance as the present-day practice of showering rice upon the bride.

In old-world life the walnut tree contributed in many ways to the service of the household. A decoction of the leaves provided a brown dye, firm without the use of a mordant and extremely useful to colour wool in days when the hum of the spinning-wheel and the clackety-clack of the hand-loom were still to be heard in the village. The green husk that encases the shell produced, when boiled, a much brighter and more golden hue. There is a common tradition that the juice was used by gipsies for the disguising of children whom they kidnapped.

The walnut tree was also laid under contribution for the toilet. Hair too pale in colour, or inclining to grey, might be dyed to any satisfactory shade of yellow or brown by means of decoctions varying in strength, as the cookery books say, "to taste." In those good old days also there was hope for a bald head. A distillation of walnut leaves mixed with honey and another ingredient—nameless here, but once common in the "Pharmacopœia," and also much relied upon in some of the mysterious rites for taking off spells—might be trusted to make hair spring on a head as barren as a turnpike road. Doubtless, while awaiting the crop, a crown by Nature shining and bright as ivory must have modestly concealed its glory under a brown colour both beautiful and rich.

The young shoots of the walnut tree might also be dried and then pounded by means of the pestle and mortar, which once made part of the necessary furniture of every kitchen. A pungent condiment was thus obtained and commonly used by the frugal in the place of pepper. Both the nut and its oil were also held in high repute in medicine. Evelyn quaintly informs us:

"Besides its use in the famous Salernitan Antidote if the kernel a little masticated be applied to the biting of a suspected mad dog, and when it has lain there three hours, be cast to poultry, they will die if they eat of it."

He also tells us:

"In Italy when a Countree man finds any pain in his side, he drinks a pint of the fresh oil of this nut and finds immediate ease."

From the kernel of the walnut is obtained an oil so colourless and pure that it has been valued by painters for the mixing of delicate colours and for varnish. Like the oil of the olive, it is used both for food and cooking. It was formerly very useful for lamps. As a cure for a mere disorder in the side, however, a pint of oil, no matter how delicate, must surely have been a generous lubrication.

More remarkable still is the statement: "The kernel being rub'd upon any crack or chink of a leaking or crazy vessel, stops it better than either clay pitch or wax."

The walnut tree receives no mention in the folklore of this country. Being a foreign tree to our Saxon forefathers, it probably left its traditions in the land from which it came, or could not displace the native trees in the respect in which they were held. Even to-day in remote places the practice of passing a child through a split ash sapling for the cure of hernia is not completely abandoned. It is an instance of sympathetic magic, based on the same principle as the burying of bacon with which warts have been rubbed. As the tree grows together so will the child be healed. As the bacon decays so will the warts disappear. In the South of France a very similar belief has been recorded in respect of the walnut tree. The curious might most likely find it remaining as a survival until the present time. There is only one adage concerning "The Welshnut Tree":

A wife, a whelp and a Welshnut tree,
The more you beat 'em, the better they be.

As to the wisdom of it opinions differ. There is no space to discuss the subject within the limits of an article. It is not true of the whelp.

WALTER RAYMOND.

NATIVE LIFE AND SCENERY IN EGYPT

THE eyes of the world are on Egypt. Sympathy with the King's widowed sister for her irreparable loss upon the Nile, the mission of the Bishop of London to consecrate a cathedral on the site of Gordon's martyrdom at Khartum, the crowd of fashion pausing at Cairo on its way back from the Durbar, and the rush of invalids to shelter in the most genial of climates, are responsible for this. Those

who think about Egypt at all will be watching and kodaking a native life as picturesque as that of Japan. The native of Egypt is always interesting as long as he is unsophisticated, whether he lives in the network of mosques and bazaars and antique streets under the shadow of the Citadel, or on the fringe of the desert round the immortal monuments of Thebes. Sometimes he wears the frock-coat of Western civilisation, like our charming host, the Governor of Damietta, who invited us to a meal which might have had its origin in the kitchens of the Carlton; sometimes he is clad in the flowing burnous of the desert, like the Omdeh of Kharga, who offered us the hospitality of caravan-tea in his selamluk and walked with us through his shady orange groves, where the dark-leaved trees were jewelled with fruit and flowers.

With the Europeanised native of Alexandria and Cairo I am not concerned. His chief characteristic is inadequacy, his occupation the patronage of Levantine cafés. He is, for the most part, the inevitable result of injudicious

doses of the West—that *enfant terrible*, an overgrown child of Nature and an immature man of the world. Doubtless his exegesis will be written one day by those who know him well, by some member of the Public Works Department, or the Irrigation Board, or the Public Instruction Department, and the world will laugh. It is of the native from the picturesque point of view that I write—the Arab of Cairo, whose life to-day

is like that of a citizen in the "Thousand and One Nights," or of the fellah in his mud village up the Nile, who works at his sakiya and in his dhurra fields as his forefathers worked on the banks of the Nile in the days when Joseph and his brethren abode in the Land of Ham and the valleys of Thebes saw the funerals of the Kings.

When the society swallow from the North is deep in her siesta, the sentry on the terrace of Mehemet Ali's Mosque sees a haze of dust rising from the vast Meidan Rumeleh below the Citadel of Saladin. The voices of the East float up on the heavy afternoon air—the shrill cries of Arab vendors, the clippings of the white asses of Cairo, the tinkling bowls of sherbet-sellers, and the hoarse grumble of the camel as he kneels unwillingly in the dust. Below the scanty lebbeks which fringe the square, and in front of the soaring arches of Sultan Hassan's Mosque, a stream of natives flows up and down and forms little eddies like a rising flood. From the height of the Citadel rock they are mere pigmies, and the fantastic effect is increased by clouds of sun-lit dust stirred by the trailing garments of black-robed



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THE SHEIK.

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women, the running feet of boys, and the ass showing his joy by rolling on his back at the end of his tether. It is the Market of the Afternoon, a name as full of the East as the "Thousand and One Nights."

If you stay to watch the marvel of desert and sky, from the opalescent domes and minarets of Cairo at your feet, flushing and paling in the sunset, to the Pyramids upon the swelling horizon of the desert, beyond the palm groves of Gizeh and the gleaming waters of the Inundation, whose promise is as pregnant with blessing to the parched land of Egypt as the rainbow was to the sons of Noah, you will find that the market has melted away, and it is for the sunset that the world climbs up the Citadel Hill.

In the Market of the Afternoon there is little pageantry. Perchance the camels of a wedding procession will swing by on their way to the house of a bride, caparisoned in scarlet cloths sewn with mirrors and cowrie shells, with the musicians riding between their gourd drums; or the wailing of mourners will be heard as a funeral *corège* winds through the narrow streets round Ibn Tulun's Mosque with the dead, strangely silent in

there a collection of Persian pictures in mother-o'-pearl frames; here are the gambling-boards, there a restaurant neatly set out on the ground with flat cakes of bread and dishes of pickles and sesame and baked meats. The stalls, irregularly spread in the dust, are so humble that they seem to contain little more than rags and bones and broken metal; but here is many a treasure of ancient brass—bowls and coffee-pots, goblets and scrivener's inkpots, bangles and folding lanterns. There seems to be little business going forward. Attraction and counter-attraction call the buyer away, and in and out of the press wind the sellers of sweatmeats shrilling their wares, and water-carriers with their goat-skins, and the vendors of bread, slung in rings on their arms, and the lemonade-sellers clinking their bowls and glasses.

But it is not these noisy children of the towns who people Egypt for us, these dealers from the bazaars who play their parts to-day in the Market of the Afternoon as they played them in the city of the "Arabian Nights." It is of the fellah that we think, that silent figure working in his dhurra fields or riding his ass along the causewayed roads of Upper Egypt, whose



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THE NOMAD'S FLOCK.

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the midst of life, borne shoulder-high through the crowd. But you miss the splendour of the bazaars, those narrow thoroughfares where the rich merchants of Cairo—goldsmiths and weavers, perfumers and tent-makers—spread out their wares to tempt the passers-by, while their apprentices hammer at brassware held between their toes, tread the silk-looms sunk waist-deep in the floor, or card the cotton with an Apollo's lyre. In the Market of the Afternoon there is no display, but neither tourists nor Levantines disturb the genuine East.

The approach is unprepossessing. The pungent smells of native food and sun-baked dung rise from the hot, dusty ground, and on the outer fringe of the market all the beggars in Cairo seem to be sleeping. The blue-gowned donkey-boys drag up their jingling asses to tempt you to the Tombs of the Mamelukes, and you have to pick your way among camel-bags filled with unsightly lumps of dates crushed into cakes. But once within the market itself, the East draws back its veil. Those eddies noticed from the Citadel mark where the people gather round a story-teller as he unfolds some tale of the "Arabian Nights," or circle round the snake-charmer, or halt beside a musician making reedy music on his flute. Here are performing monkeys,

melancholy song of the shaduf is heard through the long hours as he toilfully draws sustenance for his thirsty land from the bosom of the Nile. He is the natural complement of the scenery of Egypt, that narrow strip of miraculously fruitful land on either bank of the great river; his simplicity of life is the simplicity of the Bible; he is the husbandman and the tiller of the soil who lives by the sweat of his brow. And, curiously enough, it is not so much as the descendant of the Ancient Egyptians, whose life pictured on their temple walls seems so little changed from that of the fellah to-day, as in his Biblical context that he appeals to the imagination. For whether you are sailing up the Nile before the northerly breeze, or whether you rest by the side of the Karnak road or drive through the rich fields of the Fayyum, you carry away with you the memory of long processions of gentle, silent people passing to and from their work, the men astride of their donkeys or leading droves of asses laden with sacks of grain, and camels half hidden in berseem or sugar-cane, the women veiled and trailing dusty garments, with burdens on their heads, but walking like queens with henna-tinted toes and a glint of gold on neck and wrist and ear. You think of the fellah as for ever drawing water from the

Nile, though sometimes you see him wielding his flail on a threshing-floor like Araunah the Jebusite, or building a house of dust and water that will last, though it were for untold centuries, till man destroys it, or carrying the weakly of the flock upon his shoulders like the Good Shepherd, or, if he be blind, teaching

And just as it is of the fellah that you think when you visualise the people of Egypt, so, for all her glory of mediæval architecture and ancient Egyptian temples, it is the desert and the green banks of the Nile that you see when you visualise her scenery. It is true that, whether you are wandering down



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AT THE WELL.

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tiny children in a Koran kuttab. It is not until you know Egypt very well that you realise that the women drawing water from the wells into the pitchers that they carry on their heads are crooning love-songs. The fellah never changes, except when the conscription turns him into a soldier amid the weeping and wailing of mourners like Rachel weeping for her children.

a street of mosques and mameluke mansions and ancient baths in Cairo, or pass from the city into the desert and stand amid the tombs of the Khalifs; whether you are in Upper Egypt, on the banks of the Nile, or at the gate of one of the gigantic temples of the Pharaohs; whether you make an expedition to the oasis and pass through sheer desert, a wilderness of

blistered white rocks and avalanches of sand, you are hardly ever out of the presence of the sublime and the beautiful.

From careless, cosmopolitan Alexandria, to whose skirts the spirit of romance still clings, because she took the torch of civilisation from the dying hand of Athens, and Abukir, where the thunder of the surf on Nelson's Island drowns the tom-toms of the East, it is a far cry to Abu-Simbel and its rock-hewn osirids. And every traveller will have his own love on that long passage of the Nile. Some may linger in the twin cities of the delta, Damietta, the Venice of Egypt, and Rosetta, who for so many centuries secreted the stone which has been the key to Egypt's ancient language. Others will dwell in Cairo to trace the byways of the City of Saladin, or lay their homage at the feet of the Sphinx, that huge survival of an unimaginable civilisation. To some the roses of the Fayyum will send their perfumes, and some may linger in the halls of Karnak, content to listen to the tamarisks whispering in the Court of Shishak, where the solitary lotus column spread its petals to catch the silver radiance of an Egyptian moon. Thebes will enslave the minds of some, and many will choose to linger on the Isle of Philæ, among the broken temples of the Home of Love, whose colonnades, rising but a few feet above the water, are like a bed of lotus flowers floating upon the Nile. I, too, have loved all these; these are the graces which the Daughter of the Nile unveils to every passer-by. Yet it is not these which give nostalgia, but the little intimate touches of the Orient—the birds singing in the silence of Mahomet's



THE WATER-CARRIER.

holy houses; the fragrance of the berseem wafted across the white Pyramid Road as you drive out to the desert, the breathless stillness of the Khartum nights and the scented moonlight which beggars the palms of their greenness and the acacias of their yellow blooms, the lazy song of the sakiya in the noonday heat as its wheel moves slowly to the accompaniment of splashing water.

It is as a land of mystery and omens, whose very birds possess an archaic grace, that you think of Egypt. For on that strip of land, hemmed in by deserts and the western hills of Thebes, you are never far from the shining presence of the Nile, the Sacred Stream of untold generations. And it is of Eternity that you think, and immortality. Was it not for Eternity that the Ancient Egyptians lived? Even now the air of Egypt breathes a passion of immortality; the Pyramids are a vast appeal to it; the rock-bound tombs of Thebes are brands burnt into the bosom of the earth by men who reckoned life as a stepping-stone to Eternity, of such small importance that it was well spent in the hewing of one tomb. It is curious that the heirs of these people should be so careless of the morrow that they are laid to rest in the sand beneath a little headstone, for when the Tombs of the Mamelukes, set with studied grace, like jewels on the edge of the desert, have vanished, the Tombs of the Kings will still be untouched by the years. If there is any truth in the legend of the Kha, the heaven of Mahomet must be a more accessible goal than the fields of Ialu, with their "meadows of sweet cypresses."

OLAVE M. POTTER



R. Brooman White.

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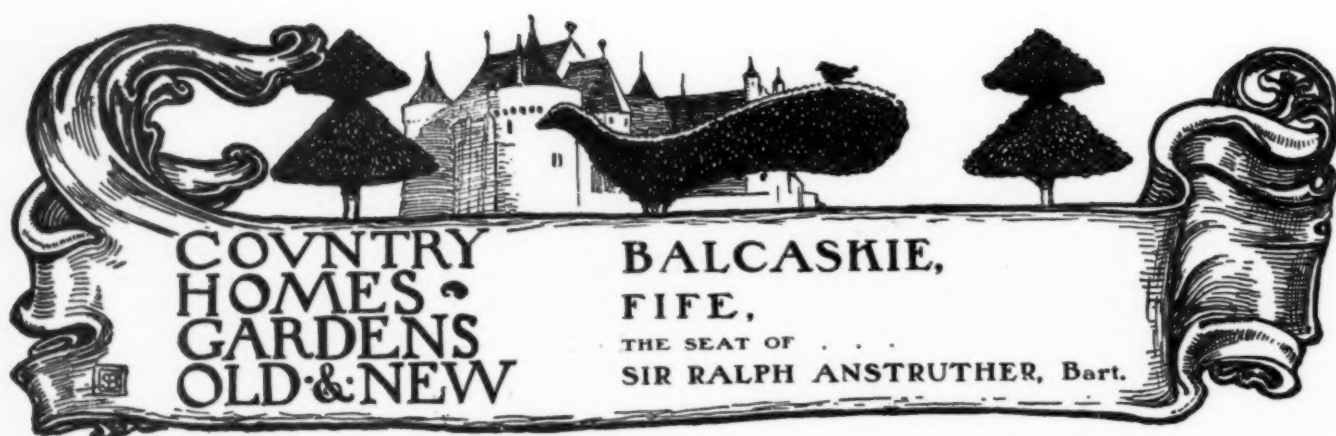
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BETWEEN THE DESERT AND THE SOWN.

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THE beauty of the gardens of Balcaskie is doubtless due in part to the clement weather that makes the East Neuk of Fife the "gold border to the beggar's cloak." North of it are barren uplands, and to the south the Firth of Forth. The story of the ownership is no less scanty than confused. For our purposes it may be said that Balcaskie became important in 1665, when it was bought from the Moncrieffs by that notable architect, Sir William Bruce. The earlier history of the estate was one of gradual consolidation. At the end of the fifteenth century Balcaskie was divided among four families, and there seem to have been no Balcaskies of Balcaskie later than 1388. It is worth noting, however, that as early as 1360 a Strang of Balcaskie had married an Anstruther, prophetic of the ownership which was to begin in 1698 and last until now. The Moncrieffs held the place for about eighty years only, and it is possible that some part of the existing house dates from their possession. Its peculiar interest arises from the fact that parts of it at least served as a playground for Sir William Bruce's early essays in architecture, of which more later. It is difficult, with the very scanty materials at the disposal of the student, to get a clear idea of Bruce as an architect, or indeed as a man. There is no record of his birth; but we know that he had reached a very great age on his death

in 1710. The State papers from 1635 to 1660 yield nothing about him; but on August 10th, 1660, there is a reference to the Duke of Albemarle and others rendering a memorial to the King in favour of "Commissary William Bruce of Rose Isle, for active service in supporting the Government in Scotland, releasing the King's friends, etc., for which the late King promised him a patent for a Viscount in Ireland." This entry may very possibly apply to our Sir William Bruce, who was knighted soon after the Restoration. The name of the Duke of Albemarle is significant, because it is believed that Bruce acted as intermediary between Albemarle (then General Monck) and Charles II. in the negotiations that preceded the King's return. The description of this Bruce, however, as being of Rose Isle, imports an element of doubt. Our Sir William was son of Robert Bruce of Blairhall, which is in Perth, whereas Rose Isle is a long way from Blairhall, and in Elgin, and nowhere else is his connection with Rose Isle mentioned. If he was promised an Irish viscounty by Charles I. (executed in 1649), we must assume that he was born at least as early as, say, 1625. This, however, creates no difficulty, because it would only make Bruce eighty-five at this death. In the early years of Charles II.'s reign he was obviously employed on purely State business. In 1660 he was made Clerk of the Bills. In 1663 we





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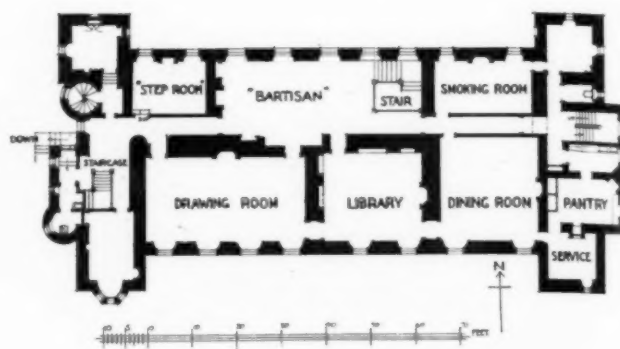
THE GARDEN STAIRS ON THE EAST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

find him arriving at Holyrood with an answer to a despatch he had carried to London, which shows him in the capacity of King's Messenger. An entry in the register of the Privy Council of Scotland shows that in 1666, Bruce, with Sir Philip Anstruther of Anstruther and seven other local notables, was appointed on a witch-hunting commission.

Bruce was very litigious, and in one case at least he was concerned in some trouble made by a relation of his wife, Mary Halket. On January 17th, 1668, he acts as cautioner in endorsing a bond made by Robert Halket, perhaps his brother-in-law, whereby Halket undertakes to keep the public peace under a penalty of five thousand merks. We may hope he did so and that Bruce was not called upon to pay. After this entry the State papers lose sight of Bruce until 1670, when a Charter was granted to him for some lands at Balcaskie and elsewhere.

In the article on Holyrood Palace of July 22nd, 1911, it was pointed out that Bruce's first work in the full Renaissance manner, the Palace quadrangle, was begun in 1671. Balcaskie was only in his possession from 1665 to 1698, and the house is possibly not wholly his work. The arrangement of the entrance front and its pavilions connected with the main block by curved walls is the same in general conception as that of Hopetoun House which Bruce designed and William Adam afterwards altered. It is, however, rather significant that Adam, who was Bruce's pupil and had Kinross House and Hopetoun House engraved for *Vitruvius Scoticus*, does not illustrate Balcaskie. It is likely that he would have done so



PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

if it had been wholly Bruce's work; but there is the chance that Adam omitted it as not representative of Bruce's mature manner. Fortunately, there are many beautiful ceilings in modelled plaster, with ornaments that throw some light on the builder. In the Blue Bedroom are monograms of S and D, of W and M and of B and H on the central panel of the ceiling, which seems to be the oldest in the house. These represent Sir and Dame, William and Mary, Bruce and Halket, Bruce's wife being Mary Halket. There are no dates on the ceilings, or indeed anywhere on the building, to give any more definite clue. While the elevations, notably that of the garden front, are earlier in character than Bruce's other work, such as Holyrood and Kinross, that would be explained by his having begun building at Balcaskie on his acquiring the estate in 1665.

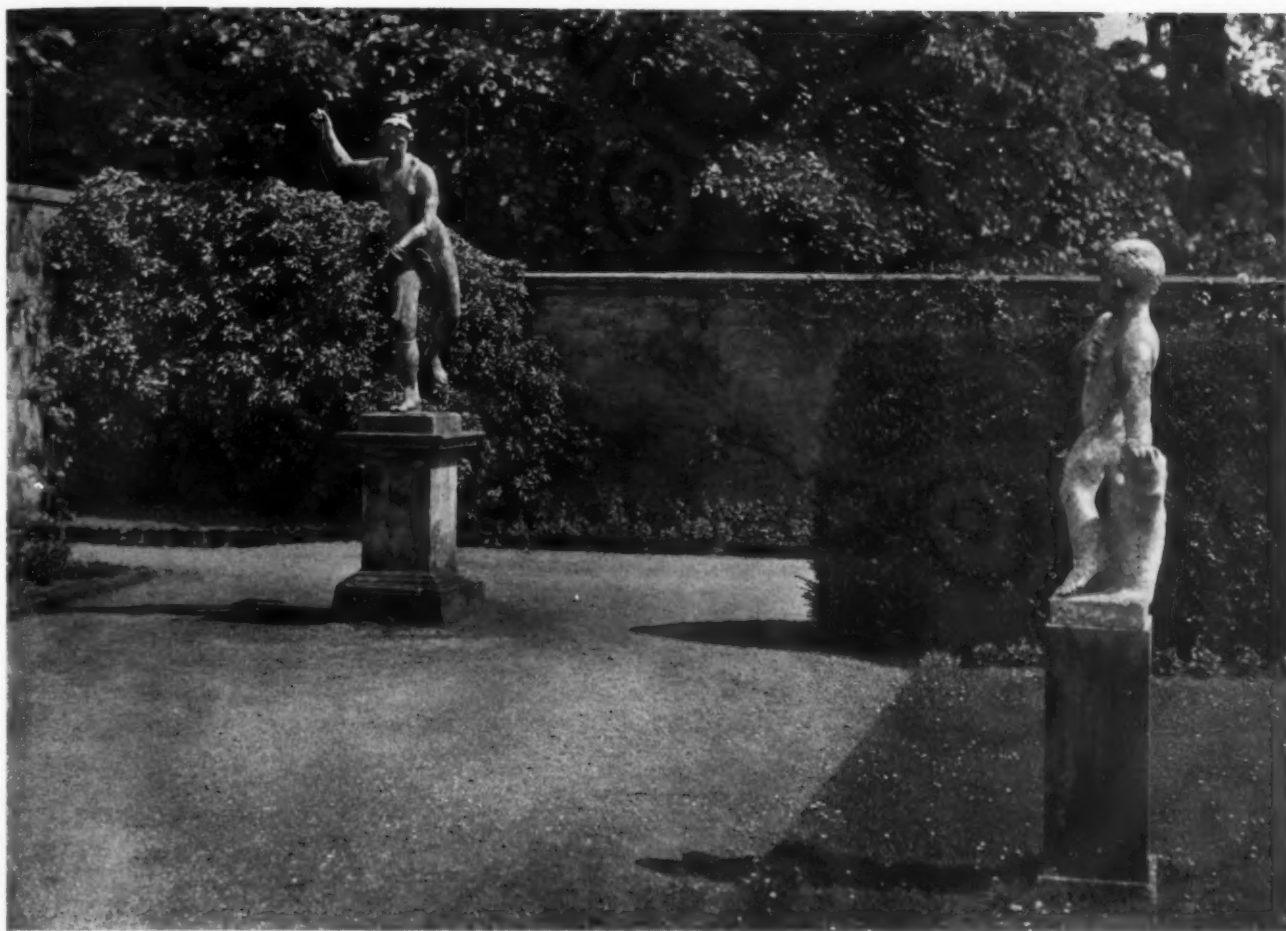
The question as to how far Bruce was responsible for the design of Balcaskie House depends for its answer on how far we can attribute to him other work done not much later. The office of Clerk of the Bills, to which he was appointed at the Restoration, and retained until 1681, had mighty little to do with architecture, but produced fees in plenty for him. For some years of this period he acted concurrently as Surveyor to the King, and we are tempted to wonder how much time he gave to his first office and how much to the design of buildings. John Mylne, King's Master Mason, was certainly architect as well as builder, for a contract of 1665 specifies him clearly as designer of Panmure House. It is significant, however, that when a gateway was added in 1672 it was built "according to the draught given by Sir William Bruce." Between 1665 and 1672, then, Bruce seems to have begun actual designing. In January, 1671, he writes to the Earl of Lauderdale promising to take Robert Mylne (nephew of John and his successor as King's Master Mason) to Thirlestane, where alterations were afoot, obviously to Bruce's design. In the same letter he says: "I am now going about his Majestie's work at Holyroodhouse." Two months later the Treasury advances one thousand pounds for



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GATE IN THE TERRACE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE TERRACE GARDEN: NORTH-EAST CORNER

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"SPINARIO" AND OTHER STATUES IN TERRACE GARDEN

"COUNTRY LIFE."

these works on Bruce's requisition. In March of 1671 Lauderdale writes to Bruce congratulating him on a brilliant bit of work he had done for the Treasury in putting the Customs up to auction successfully, and saying he does not forget his services, especially "your franc journey in 1663." The latter reference is mysterious, but perhaps means *French* journey. He also likes the way Bruce has brought "things for me from Holland."

Lauderdale was an enthusiastic builder, and elsewhere we find references to Italian marble chimney-pieces he had got for Thirlestane. Very likely Bruce, as a man of taste, was commissioned by him to get other things of the sort in France and Holland. The vital point of the letter is, however, this: "I hope you will, when you can, send up the draught of the King's palace at Halyroodehous to the end his Majestie may declare his



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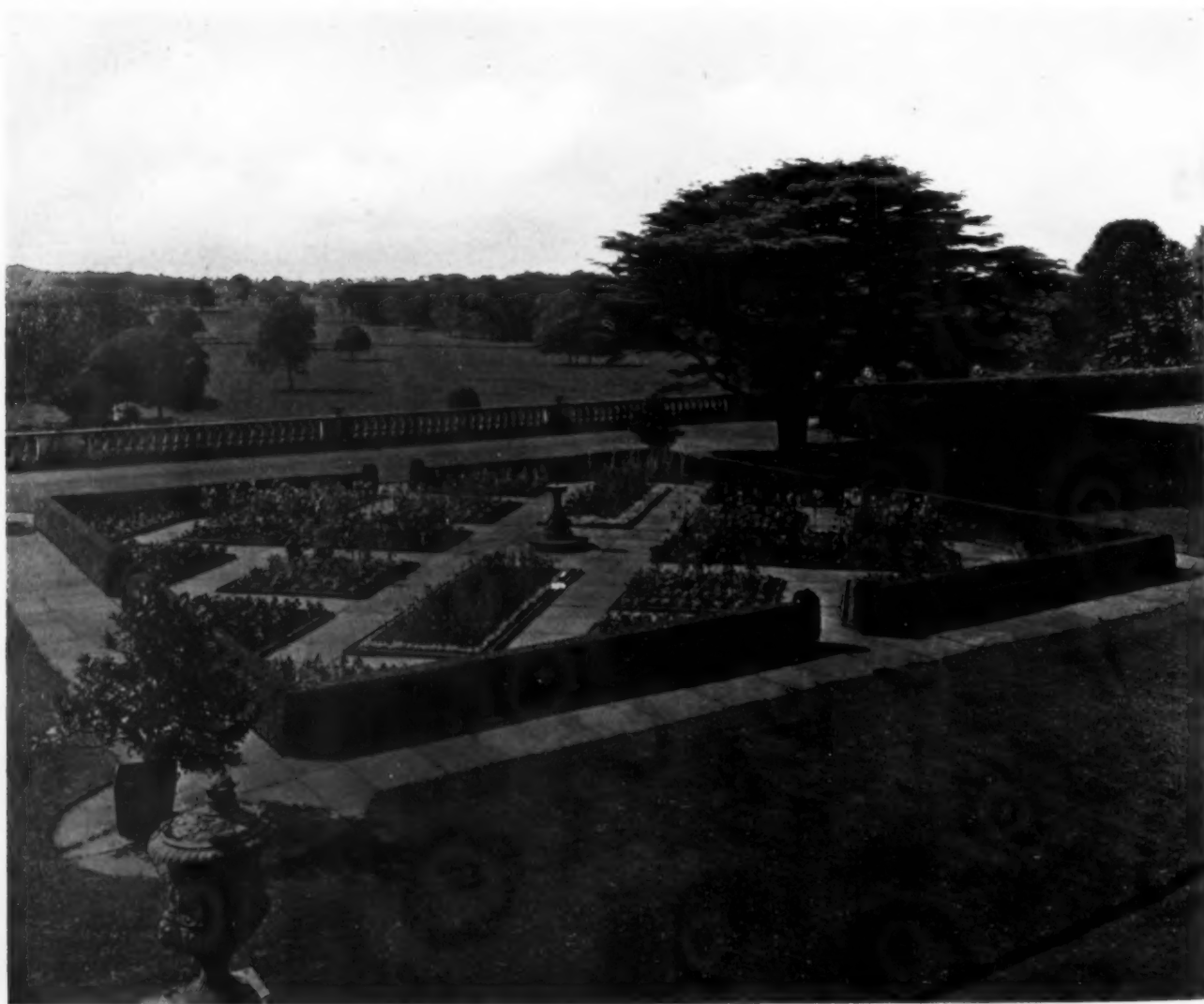
THE HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

pleasure about it; I wait but for that occasion to present your commission

... for your taking the direction of that worke." The rest of the letter is affectionate in tone with enquiries about Bruce's health, not then good. It, moreover, establishes beyond any doubt that Bruce's appointment as Surveyor-General, already quoted, was the outcome of his design, and made in consequence of his plans being approved by the King. It was not merely a

"job" to give him another source of income. Another piece of evidence goes to confirm this view of Bruce as an actual designer. In April, 1671, Lady Dysart writes to him: "I desired E. Lauderdaill to lett you know that I like your Peers (piers) for the gate which you designed for me. . . . I am now at Ham (i.e., Ham House, Petersham) so have considered of your proposal of making the gate only 12 feet



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THE PARTERRE IN THE TERRACE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



TERRACE BUTTRESSES IN THE LAWN GARDEN.

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wide. . . . " There is more about width of walks, etc., not necessary to be quoted, but it is clear that Bruce was garden-designer, too. In May, Lauderdale writes a charming letter to Cassill, his overseer, or, as we should say, clerk of works, at Thirlestane. He is worried about the garden pavilions, and makes suggestions. "I have only proposed my whimsey and leave it to you and Sir Wm. Bruce to hammer somewhat out of it, if it be possible." He ends: "This is chatt and no shears . . . but being engaged knockle-deep in mortar I fear I shall be up to the elbows (if I live) before I have done with it, and in expectation of your answer to my last, I send you this as an entertainment for halfe a dusion more pipes of tobacco. Adieu." Surely a jolly letter for that grim, cruel intriguer to have indited in his gentler moments. It is not difficult to imagine Cassill chuckling about it over a pipe.

Our next information is no less than the definite appointment of Bruce by warrant of the King as Surveyor-General of Holyrood and other palaces in Scotland. It is dated June 3rd, 1671, and is clearly due to Charles' pleasure at the plans Bruce had submitted through Lauderdale, then Secretary of State. On the same day the King sends to the Scottish Treasury his detailed instructions about Holyrood "to be ordered by the Lords Commissioners after they have considered the same after advice had with his surveyor Sir Wm. Bruce." The Rev. R. S. Mylne in his *Master Masons to the Crown of Scotland* refers to the six original drawings executed by Robert Mylne for the King as having remained in the Mylne family to this day, and reproduces them. Though they may be by Mylne's hand, it

seems perfectly clear that the actual design was Bruce's, who with his multifarious duties would very naturally employ Mylne as his draughtsman. The nature of Bruce's duties is set out in full detail in the grant of June 3rd issued under the Great Seal. It is far too long to quote here, but it makes special reference to Bruce's "skill in architecture," and fixes his yearly salary at three hundred pounds sterling. The contract which Bruce entered into with Robert Mylne for the building of Holyrood refers to "all the forms and orders of architecture, as the same is delineated . . . in plan and perspective by the said Surveyor General," and again to the staircase "as the same is designed by the said Sir William Bruce." There are many other references which establish quite clearly that Bruce was the architect in the modern sense of the word; that he was

not, like the earlier Masters of Works in Scotland, merely in financial control of the building. This point has been dealt with in some detail, because it is of real importance in the story of Scottish architecture. In the article on Falkland Palace, Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart was represented as the man responsible for the first introduction of the Renaissance into Scotland. He was in some sort an architect, but superior in degree rather than in kind to other cultivated men of that day who were interested in building. No doubt the actual details of the work were left in a large measure to the master-masons, who were in effect the architects as well as builders of the Middle Ages. Sir William Bruce marks the great change in the direction of professional architecture in Scotland, just as Inigo Jones did in England some fifty years earlier. Needless to say, he does not compare with

Jones in the least as far as personal genius is concerned. His buildings are rather heavy and do not show a very clear grasp of the principles of neo-classic design or any marked sense of proportion. None the less, he was a great man, because he inaugurated a new era. Nor need too much be made of his spending much of his time and energies on other State employments. Vanbrugh was none the less a great architect because he was dramatist, or Wren because men knew him also as mathematician, astronomer and inventor. The atmosphere of the Renaissance seems to have created versatility. The next important date in Bruce's career was his dismissal from the post of Surveyor-General in 1678, on the ground that Holyrood was finished "and that there is no further use of any such office of Surveyor-General."

Lauderdale signed the warrant, and put his brother, Lord Hatton, in charge of all the Royal buildings. We met that not very attractive nobleman in the article on Hatton House (*COUNTRY LIFE*, September 16th, 1911), and he probably knew a good deal about building from his own experience there. Probably the real reason of Bruce's dismissal was that Lauderdale had taken a dislike to him, but it may have been the desire to put the salary of the post in Hatton's pocket, for the Maitland family just then was none too flourishing financially. We may now suspend consideration of Sir William's architectural career until we deal with his building of Kinross House, when he ceased to be Bruce of Balcaskie and became known as Bruce of Kinross.

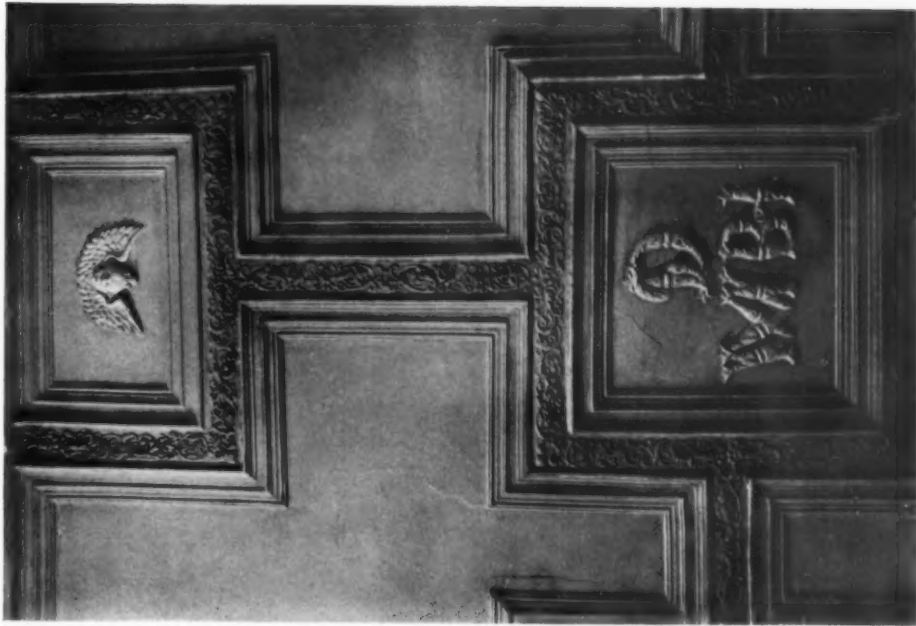


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IN THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

His designs for Lady Dysart's garden at Ham show him to have been interested in garden architecture, and when, therefore, we turn to the Balcaskie gardens, there seems no reason to doubt that they represent the authentic work of Bruce. The plans now reproduced we owe to the kindness of Sir Robert Lorimer, who had the house and gardens measured specially for the purposes of this article. The gardens appear therein as they are, and not as Bruce left them at the end of the seventeenth century. In those days the ornamental part of the garden ended with the first terrace, held up on its south side by the row of great buttresses that appear on the plan as a string of square dots. This section is divided into three parts by holly and yew hedges. The middle is occupied by a parterre, of which a picture is given as it appears from the balcony of the house. The eastern part is a mass of shrubs, and on the west is a lawn with the *Spinario* and other classical figures to adorn its margin. The slope of the ground gave great opportunities not wholly grasped by Bruce. The levels below the buttressed terrace wall were treated simply as orchards. Sir Ralph Anstruther, grandfather of the present owner, carried the



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CEILING WITH BRUCE'S MONOGRAM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

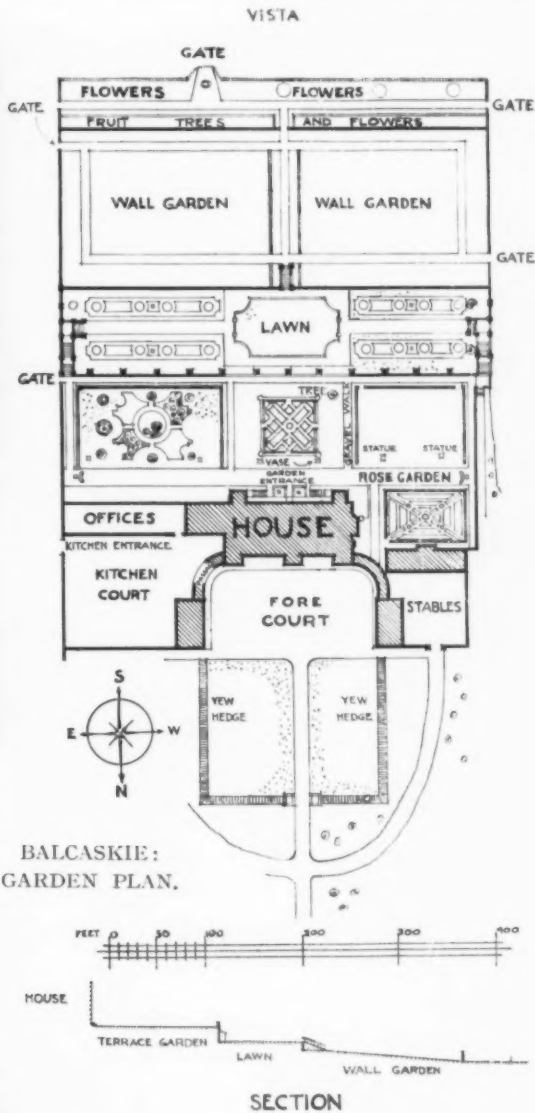
scheme to its logical conclusion in 1857. He built the delightful stairways, shown in our second picture, which lead down at the east and west ends from the terrace garden to the lawn garden. The latter he laid out with a sunk



Copyright.

THE GLOBE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



bowling green in the middle and long parterres on either side. In this extension of the flower garden full value was given to the little sheltered beds made by the projection of the great

buttresses surmounted by busts of Roman Emperors and their consorts. Not only on the ground, however, does Nature flourish, but foxgloves and many another flower grow tall and bloom profusely from crannies in the wall. This terrace is bordered by a wall luxuriantly covered with ivy and climbing roses, and it is broken at its centre by an old flight of steps leading down to the third level still dedicated to orchard trees. Perhaps the most cunning feature of the whole garden scheme is one that can hardly have been accidental, and may be attributed to Bruce's art. If we stand in the middle of the garden and look due south, the view lies open across the park and through a cutting in the woods down to the waters of the Forth, and the last thing seen is the Bass Rock closing the vista. This can hardly have been merely a happy hit, and does credit to whoever chose the site of the house.

The house itself is not notable for any special features in its plan, though the provision of a main staircase of straight flights and a subsidiary newel stair at the west end suggests

that the house was almost wholly rebuilt by Bruce, for that arrangement of stairs is characteristic of his day. This view is confirmed by Sibbald, who referred to it in 1707 as "a pretty new house." Some drastic alterations were made in the nineteenth century, but the house is less spoiled than the majority of its date. The most interesting features of the interior are the plaster ceilings, two of which are illustrated. The Globe Room is very ingeniously treated, and round the globe itself are modelled the signs of the zodiac.

The later history of Balcaskie and its owners is uneventful. Bruce sold the estate in 1684 to Sir Thomas Stewart of Grandtully. Five years later it passed by purchase to Sir George Nicolson of Kennay. In 1698 it was bought from him by Sir Robert Anstruther, third son of Sir Philip Anstruther of Anstruther, and it has continued in the hands of his descendants until this day. The General Anstruther who fell with Moore at Corunna in 1809 and lies buried by his side on the bastion was eldest son of the third baronet, but did not live to succeed to the title.

L. W.

FURNITURE OF THE XVII. & XVIII. CENTURIES.

THE HON. SIDNEY GREVILLE'S COLLECTION.

MR. SIDNEY GREVILLE is an exceptionally discriminating and level-headed collector of eighteenth century English furniture. He does not set out to heap together everything he comes across that takes his passing fancy, but with fixed intent he selects just that number of pieces that have the character and quality to exactly fit into and consort with the house in which he lives. If he now meets with a piece of the same category but of choicer make than one which he possesses, the latter is discarded, so that the collection is rapidly reaching perfection within its assigned limits. His house, in the Ambassador's Court of St. James' Palace, is never over-furnished, and no piece will be found there that is not in complete sympathy with its environment and its fellows. There is quite enough of precisely the right character and of quite admirable quality to make the rooms look comfortably full, but there is not a single awkward supernumerary to spoil the composition or crowd the stage.

The dining-room has a note of eclectic simplicity. The walls, which have quite recently been painted *en grisaille*, after the manner of one of Robert Adam's drawings for Kenwood, match the grey carpet and chair-coverings. There is a very quiet Adam sideboard with only a suspicion of carved ornament in low relief. Beyond that it depends for its effect upon the elegance of its lines, the excellence of its workmanship and the charm of its colour. It has ever been well cared for and yet used in a sunny room. Hence the frieze is lighter than the rest, none of which is dark. Table and chairs show the same restraint. The chairs are wheel-backed, with slightly-sunk, solid ovals in the middle, one of which has the painted crest, which, no doubt, was intended for all. That the room may not appear too Spartan, three pieces having more detail are introduced. There is a pair of exceedingly beautiful urns with a band of drapery swags broken by mask handles, and there is a cellaret, of which the charming form and beautiful detail are perfectly rendered in the illustration.

Upstairs, the double drawing-room, while it almost equals the dining-room in the restrained tone of its walls and hangings, exhibits greater richness both in the colour and ornamentation of its furniture. The eye

is at once attracted by the choice piece which is the subject of the coloured illustration. It is as remarkable for its quality as for the original points that it exhibits. It is a red lacquer writing cabinet, having the double hood usual in such pieces—were they of lacquer or of walnut veneer—during the decades that preceded and followed 1700. Of the former treatment, the piece in Sir W. H. Lever's collection, and of the latter, the example at Belton, have recently been illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*. Another very similar piece in red lacquer is at Penshurst. But none of these has the remarkable cresting of this week's subject. Such cresting was not very unusual to the ordinary box-shaped lacquer cabinet on gilt stand that gained so much vogue towards the end of Charles II.'s reign, but is rare indeed when surmounting the double-hooded form. Let it be noticed also that in this case it is not gilt, but silvered, giving it a certain resemblance to the rich repoussé silver mirrors of the Charles II. period. This treatment of the top is balanced and sustained by the silvering of the spandrels of the recess below the secretaire flap, and the winged boys recall to us that the piece belongs to the period of Grinling Gibbons' supremacy. When the



SIDEBOARD URN.



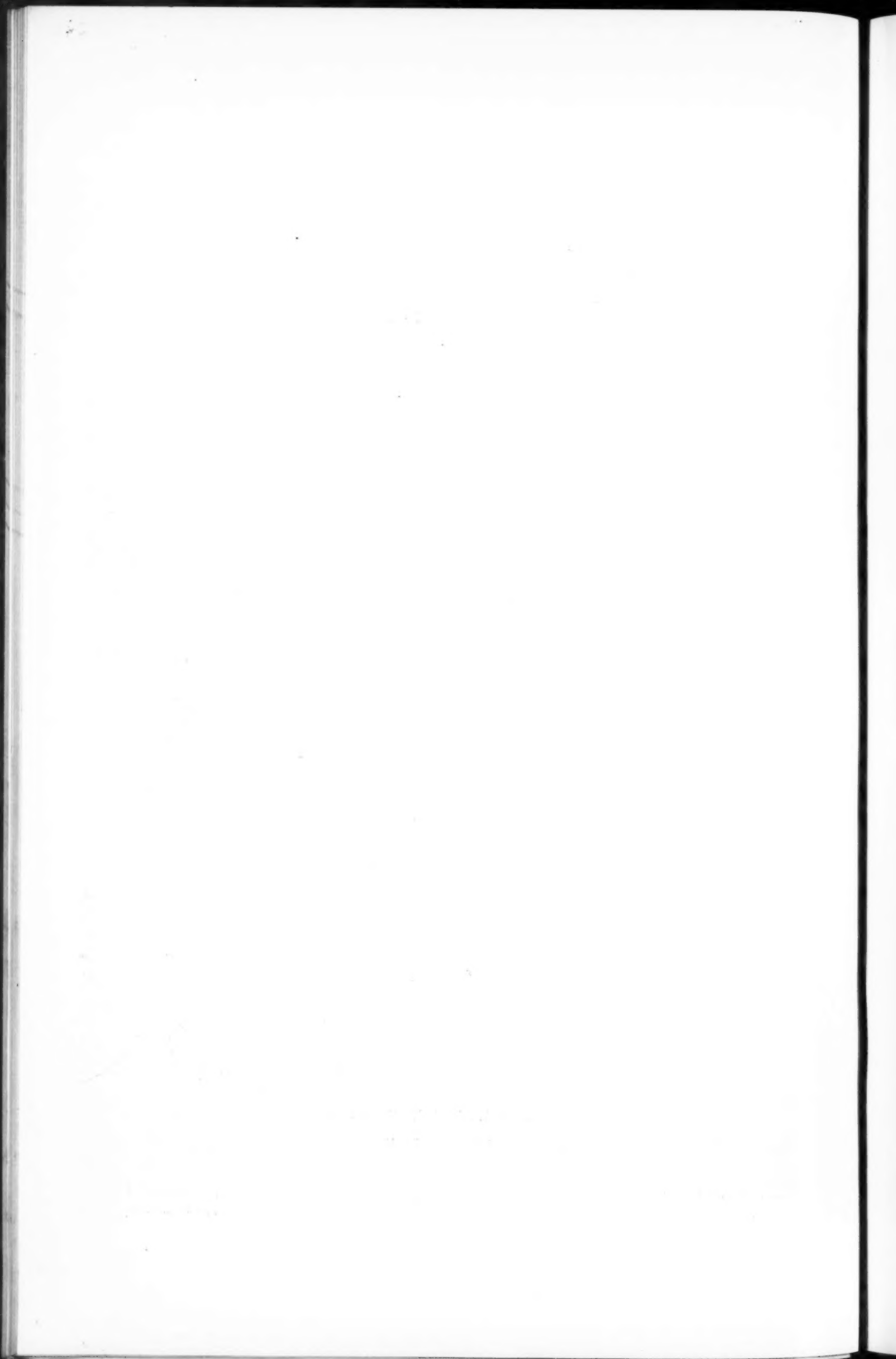
MAHOGANY CELLARET.



A RED LACQUER CABINET,
DATE CIRC 1685.

FURNITURE of the
17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of
The Hon. Sidney Greville.





GILT SIDE TABLE.

cabinet is closed, this silver tone almost predominates, for the doors are bevelled mirrors, then so fashionable. Backing the mirrors are oak panels which on the inner side are painted black, then powdered with gold and ornamented with large flower groups very much in the Japanese manner. The real lacquer-work displays smaller subjects taken from Chinese patterns, the ground being a browny red with a little gold-dust thrown over it. The same dusting also appears in the

inside of the drawers, which, except the lacquered fronts, are of oak that shows its



LOOKING-GLASS, AND SETTEE IN CHIPPENDALE'S CHINESE MANNER.

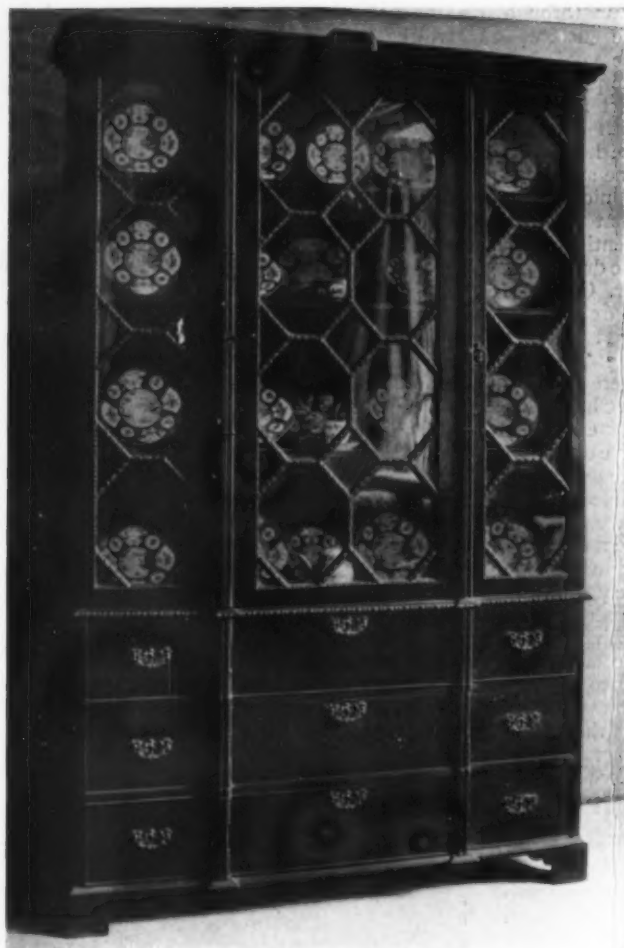
grain through a thin coat of browny paint. The wood of the surfaces on which the red lacquer is laid is pine, the gold and black ornament being raised on the body of the piece, but flat on the inside of the upper part. This upper part has open niches for ledgers, but all the rest is closed in with drawers or cupboard doors, the semi-circular sections of the hood being hinged at the bottom and supplied with keys. The similar piece at Penshurst has these open and an open row of niches below, which is a much more normal arrangement. That piece, too, like the Belton and Lever examples already mentioned, has ring-handles with broad, engraved plates. But

the drawers of Mr. Greville's piece open by means of a key only, there being richly-engraved escutcheons. In the case of the secretaire flap, to prevent dust falling in, the keyhole is closed by a lid opening by means of a bottom hinge. The feet are of the usual form, but carved, and are painted a greeny black. The lower part is three feet two inches high and three feet three inches wide; the top is less wide by three inches and is four feet up to the top of the cresting. That cresting seems to indicate a date either before or just after Charles II.'s death, which is quite early for this type of writing cabinet.

Mr. Greville has other good examples of lacquer-work, notably the clock that stands between two Chinese figures on a carved and gilt table with hoof-footed cabriole legs and an

THE SAME LACQUER CABINET.
(With closed doors.)

ARMCHAIR OF CHINESE TYPE AND ROUND PILLAR-LEGGED TABLE.



MAHOGANY BOOKCASE.

ample acanthus-scrrolled apron. It probably dates from George I.'s time and consorts with a very beautiful round pedestal table with masks on the elbows of its tripod foot and a richly-carved open rail.

Most of the furniture in the front drawing-room, however, is in the Chippendale Chinese taste. There is a gilt mirror of the kind between the windows, while in the centre of the wall that faces them is one with a pagoda-top divided up into eight bevelled mirror panels painted with Chinese subjects. Below this is a settee that reaches the acme of the style. The back is as of two chairs with a connecting fretwork panel that, so far as its space admits, uses the same

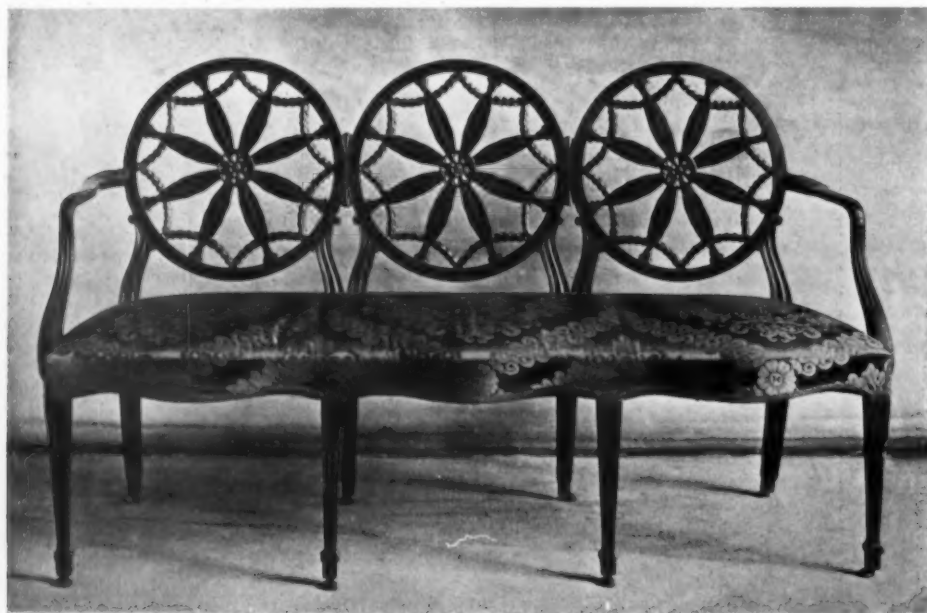
motifs that occupy the larger areas of the chair backs. The fretwork filling below the arms is another clever variant of the same theme, while an armchair, also illustrated, follows just the same lines, but has different detail in every part, including the elaborate cresting of the back with its spreading, pierced shell-work and its three pagoda-like caps. A smaller settee and some other chairs complete a most interesting "Chinese" group, while another little pillared table has fretwork on its legs, though the ornamentation of its pillar and of its exquisite open-work rail is in the European spirit. So, also, is most of the furniture in the back drawing-room. The tall, glazed cabinet is perfect in the delicacy and finish of its enriched bands and of the hexagon framing of the panes. The set of Hepplewhite chairs and settee with wheel backs and leafage is quite most perfectly finished and thought first-rate. But perhaps the out piece is the drawing, or artist's, table with a pierced fret and double rising top of which the rachets work in a curved case, making, with a corresponding flat slat, an X-shaped filling to the sides with perforated ornament.

There is many another charming piece, but enough has been said to prove, in conjunction with the illustrations, the opening remarks. Absolute harmony reigns in every corner of Mr. Greville's delightful little abode. Not only is each piece of high quality as to its original design and workmanship, but it shows that it has ever been cared for, and is not of the kind where past ill-treatment is hidden under dark stains and heavy varnishes. It is the perfect tone and patina of Mr. Greville's collection that give it the final touch of excellence.

T.



SMALL PILLAR-LEGGED TABLE.



HEPPLEWHITE SETTEE.



DRAWING TABLE.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

VANITY of Vanities, saith the Preacher, all is Vanity. On this well-worn text Marjorie Bowen enlarges in her latest book, *The Quest of Glory* (Methuen). She does it in her own way, which is more akin to that of Job than of Thackeray and the other mocking satirists. In the Marquis of Vauvenargues she has found a hero after her own mind. The story is a living commentary on his doctrine. In him she finds an impeccable example of the best of the old nobility of France as it was a half-century before the Revolution. Brought up in the seclusion of a country house at Aix, he arrives at manhood as simple of heart and pure of mind as Galahad, as chivalrous as Bertrand du Guesclin. Although a follower of Voltaire, he nurses a disinterested ambition foreign to the philosophy of that most acute and worldly of men of letters. That vague something which stirs young aspiration and urges to action is what he calls glory. Our Merlin as vaguely named it *The Gleam*. It was sought for by Lancelot and his brotherhood in concrete form as the Holy Grail. More beautiful, more disinterested than Fame, "which gilds our sepulchres and embalms our names," it was in reality that inner peace which floated before the imagination of Dante Alighieri and has ever been the goal sought for by religion and philosophy. About it and little else are centred equally the teaching of the Christian Gospel and the meditation of the Pagan Emperor Aurelius.

But Luc de Clapiers lived in a time of action and was impelled to seek his desire in the careers open to the ambitious. The profession of arms was his first choice, but after ten years of it he found himself compelled to take part in that disastrous retreat from Prague that blasted the reputation of De Belleisle and cost France twenty-two thousand men. It began on December 18th, and the army moving out of Prague had before it thirty leagues of ice. The winter of 1742 was most severe, and the soldiers, weakened by the hardships of a long siege, had to make the journey in a prolonged snowfall. No wonder they perished on the way like flies. The hero managed to survive, but with ruined health and his military ideal hopelessly shattered. Not even the most fertile imagination could invest with glory this ill-considered march, which was as unnecessary as it was cruel.

The Marquis retired from the Army, and his mind turned to Diplomacy under Richelieu, then Governor of Languedoc. But the rosy visions inspired by this new career were soon dispelled. He started in high spirits, which gradually became depressed as he noticed the desolation of Languedoc, how the ground was neglected, the cattle few and poor, the ragged, silent peasantry crowded into hovels. The incidents of the road, narrated with horrible realism, led to his disillusionment. First he saw a peasant girl of eighteen bound and driven onward to execution by the bayonet points of soldiers, while a rabble assailed her with the grossest terms of abuse. Subsequent events showed her to be a heretic, whom Richelieu was having done to death that her body might be available for the service of a magician who had promised to make it speak and disclose certain secrets. No detail of the horrible and disgusting rites carried out at a ruined farm in a wild, unpopulated neighbourhood is omitted. Yet Richelieu was in the front of the highest intellect of his time, learned, courteous, witty, fastidious, possessed of excellent taste. It was impossible for the young idealist to accept anything from him; but Richelieu fills a large space in the book. He is fascinated by Vauvenargues, but cannot understand him. The essence of the whole book is to be found in the last interview between the two.

Before arriving at that, Vauvenargues had many poignant experiences to pass through. Of his ideals, loyalty to the King, Louis the well-beloved, is one of the most cherished. Cunningly the authoress prepares a scene, an incident of a Paris street—a passing funeral, a nobleman emerging from a sedan chair, slight collision between the two and extraordinary terror of the fashionable nobleman:

His terror was so evident and so incomprehensible that Luc held his breath to watch. The stranger's hat had fallen off, and his full powdered curls were uncovered. Luc could see his breast heaving and his hands clutching at the wet wall behind him. Presently he raised his face and flung back his head, as if he were faint or gasping for breath. The garish lamplight fell full on his countenance, which gave Luc a genuine start of surprise.

Luc afterwards met the King by accident, and discovered that in addition to this most despicable and superstitious fear of death, he at twenty-seven was bored and tired of life. Not knowing the King at the time, Vauvenargues flung at him these winged words:

"It is such as you, Monsieur, who corrupt Court and city and nation," he said quietly; "such as you, dulled by luxury, enervated by ease, afraid of death, afraid of life, staled by amusement and frivolity, cynical of any good in others, contemptuous of honour and glory—it is such as you who cause the people to curse the nobility—yea, even to shake them in their loyalty; it is

such as you who have no right to serve the King with your weary flatteries; it is such as you who are not needed in this our splendid France."

In regard to women he was subjected to a still more bitter disillusionment. During the retreat from Prague he came into contact with one whom he loved without knowing it, and who loved him passionately, and believed herself unworthy. Not without reason! Entering the world as one of the nameless, beginning life as a drudge, an artist had recognised her beauty even in these obscure conditions, had educated, dressed and fitted her for a place in the world of fashion. She callously deserting him, he committed suicide. After many other adventures she became mistress to Richelieu. Yet her love for Vauvenargues is the gleam of gold in her character. Because she is a wanton and one of the Proletariat, it is unthinkable to him that one of the "born" should descend to her level. He becomes affianced to one of his own standing, a pure, beautiful, healthy girl who has suffered no man's kisses save his alone. Yet at the critical moment when his health and appearance had both been irretrievably ruined by the plague, she, though incapable of a mean desertion, recognises that between them was no love such as that immortally sung by the poets. Thus it happens that he fares to Paris, his wealth gone, his friends estranged, and knowing that he has but a short time to live. Richelieu visits him in his garret, and two ideals are finely contrasted in a conversation, of which the following is a part:

"Ah," insisted the Court favourite, "you have the power to come and live—like this." His superb gesture was as if he indicated a kennel. "You have the power to sacrifice things that must be sweet to you. What inspires you?"

"The love of glory, Monsieur," smiled Luc. "Call it that. But what is the use of words? My life marches to a different music from yours."

"Do you despise me?" asked the Maréchal quickly, eagerly.

Luc considered a moment before he lifted his head and answered quietly—"I think I do."

"So M. de Voltaire says sometimes; but he is not a man of quality. I thought you despised me when we first met. Why?"

"You had such great opportunities," answered Luc.

"I have made great use of them. There is no one more powerful in France, except La Pompadour."

"That is a proud boast," said the Marquis. "I recommend it for your epitaph, Monsieur le Maréchal."

In that last scornful sentence is seen the climax of the story. With it we take leave of the book, carrying away from it a sense of fine perception and sympathy of delicate, well-considered words set often amid passages that shock and startle by their strong realism.

AN OLD SUFFOLK FAMILY.

The Betts of Wortham in Suffolk, 1480—1905, by Katharine Frances Doughty. (The Bodley Head.)

IN this book Miss Doughty has suffered from the disadvantage of having to deal with a somewhat dull and mediocre family. As chronicled in these pages, the members of it appear to be singularly free from those fascinating weaknesses which, perhaps, do not make for individual happiness, but give material to write about. They figure as a succession of respectable, well-doing country gentry, seldom kicking over the traces, and producing children like themselves. The ne'er-do-well never seems to have been developed in the family of Betts. For interest, the authoress had to depend on circumjacent and outside incident and fact. She herself is a little too discursive and addicted to using her imagination instead of stirring that of the reader. The record is one of an extinct family. The Betts of Wortham may be said to have originated in 1480 when the Wryght estates came to the Betts through the marriage of John Betts to Elizabeth Wryght. It ended in 1905, when Catherine, the last of her family, passed away and the heir had to be found in Admiral Sir Baldwin Wake Walker, Bart. Some of our readers probably remember the sale at Christie's which witnessed the dispersal of the objects of interest that had accumulated in the house. There is, of course, that which will interest both the antiquary and the general reader in the volume. Among the manuscripts is a children's copy-book dated from the latter end of the fifteenth century. It is bound in an illuminated fragment of parchment torn from a much older "Book of Hours." Not the least interesting feature is that it has scribbles which the children evidently made at school about the little misdeeds of their neighbours. One record that has been carried down through the centuries is "Yt was the vij daye of July that Wyllam Prylles ded Polle my Haar." Another interesting bit is an account of the building of the White Hart at Scole Inn, which shows that the twentieth century does not stand alone in its vast expenditure on places for public refreshment. The inn is still standing, but its glory has passed away. This lay in its sumptuous sign, which is thus described: "It took the shape of an arch spanning the road, and was the work of a wood-carver, John Fairchild, who in 1655, had received for it no less a sum than £1,057 of the then money. 'After the first setting it up, there was a great resort of company to see it,' says a traveller of 1681; it was carved all over with coats-of-arms, and twenty-five life-sized allegorical figures; over the centre was the figure of an astronomer seated on a globe, so constructed that in fine weather he faced north, but on stormy days turned to the prevailing wind; on one side Jonah struggled out of the mouth of a grotesque whale, and on the other Charon with the help of Cerberus was ferrying a witch to hell." Sportsmen will be interested in the account given of the beginning of pheasant-rearing. This occurred about 1720. It was generally thought to be too difficult and expensive. The manner of rearing was to keep seven hens to one cock

pheasant in a pen, and to feed on pollard, milk, and a common hen's egg. There are many particulars about the payments made to agricultural labourers and others; and a large number of forbidding recipes are printed.

GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELLERS.

Garrards, 1721—1911, Crown Jewellers and Goldsmiths During Six Reigns and in Three Centuries. (Stanley Paul.)

WHEN the Eugenists come to their own there will probably be more books of this kind written and published. We may be sure also that they will change considerably in character. In this volume a modest veil is drawn over the personalities of the Garrards, and a vast amount of curious and interesting information is given with regard to the transactions they have had with Crowned Heads and those whom Thackeray loved to call the Great. It is as though one of the important landowning families of England were to publish a very full account of their estate, with a very slight one of themselves. There would be a very great interest even in that; but modern science ever attaches more and more importance to personality. It is recognised, too, that the making of England has been due at least as much to the great mercantile families as to any other factor. Already a good deal of investigation has been made in regard to the great banking families, such as Galton, Barclay, and Coutts. No doubt in the future the great merchants will come in for a similar attention, and when they do so the Garrards will be reckoned among the most stable and important. The house was established in 1721, and was carried on in the Haymarket until the new premises were opened in Albemarle Street and Grafton Street. This history, as we have hinted, is one brimful of information that will be prized by the student of London, and it is embellished with illustrations highly suitable to it. Some of the most amusing are those connected with such events as "the famous bottle-conjuror hoax" at the Little Theatre, Haymarket, 1748. The most interesting are the eighteenth century trade-marks of Garrards, which seem to carry with them the very perfume and aura of the good old-fashioned substantial silversmiths of that time. These are indeed pleasing memorials of a state of things which has entirely passed away. Some of the documents reproduced are historical. There is the visitors' book on the occasion of the placing of the first facet of the Koh-i-nor for cutting by the Duke of Wellington, July, 1852; and following that comes John Leech's delightful character sketch in *Punch* of the cutting of the first facet. It would be a treasure were it only for the very characteristic but also extremely kindly drawing of the Duke of Wellington's head. It would be a long task to recapitulate all the great proceedings of the house, the kings and queens and Royal princes and princesses who have been its customers, the proceedings great and curious which have been connected with it, the changes that have been witnessed in the Haymarket during the period of its history and the other particulars which go to make up this fascinating record of a London shop. Mr. Broadley, whose initials we recognise at the end, has done his work well.

LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND.

In the Maoriland Bush, by W. H. Koebel. (Stanley Paul.)

IT is a far cry from Argentina and Uruguay to New Zealand, and there are few writers possessing a full knowledge of the former who have also an equally intimate acquaintance with the latter. The author of the beautifully-illustrated work before us is, however, one of these fortunate few; and all who have read his fascinating volumes on the two South American Republics will, therefore, be prepared to expect a treat in his latest effort, and at the same time to gain a good general idea of life in New Zealand. In this they will not be disappointed, for although Mr. Koebel has nothing new to tell us, he describes the country and its inhabitants in such graphic language that we seem to have each particular scene actually before our eyes. Whether, indeed, he is describing the settler clearing with his axe the primeval forest,

and thus making one more step towards the great transformation which is slowly but surely altering the face of the whole country, or whether sheep and sheep-farming or the Maori and their customs and their ways form his theme, he is equally interesting, and writes equally to the point. His observations on the Maori, and their mental and psychic peculiarities, are perhaps the most valuable in the whole book; but the author is perhaps at his best when in lighter vein, as in the chapter on "Molly," which concludes as follows: "Girls are all right—so far as they go. So's courtin' and so's marryin'. But what with boiled shirts, an' the blackin' of boots, and the muzzle on yer mouth—it's all of it too wearin' for a man that's not a flyin' angel!"

TOWN-CRIERS IN COMPETITION.

WILTSHIRE is an old-fashioned county and Devises a characteristic part of it, so that the place was very appropriate for the competition between the town-criers which was held there on Friday week. It seemed to excite endless interest among the surrounding population, who poured into Devises in every kind of vehicle from motor-cars downwards.



THE ART OF TOWN CRYING—A STUDY OF MOUTHS.

or on foot. In a number of towns and villages the town-crier is a survival from times when the art of advertisement was less understood than it is now. His duties were wide and manifold. We have been in small Scotch towns where at the present day the town-crier is employed for a thousand little offices which would be otherwise performed in the larger towns. We have heard a sale by auction announced in this way. It used to be common, if a lady lost her purse or her jewellery, to send round the town-crier to announce the fact and offer a reward. Enterprising tradesmen made use of him to advertise their goods directly or indirectly. These private duties, for which he was paid by the individual who employed him, lay far apart from the official intelligence which it was his office to promulgate. The criers we are thinking of, indeed, received no official recognition. They were simply old men whose time was filled in with various kinds of labour, and who assumed the duties of town-crier for the purpose of supplementing their incomes. But the meeting at Devizes brought to light the fact that still in many comparatively important towns the town-crier exists and fulfils his duties in raiment that would be more befitting a mediæval herald than an official of to-day. Some of the clothes worn by the competitors on Friday were inheritances from the past. Some of the cloaks were Tudor; there were lace ruffles handed down from the Stewart times and much that carried us back to the Georgian period. The competitors came from towns whose very names carry us back into an earlier England. If we wish to understand the past, we linger in such places as Winchester, Marlborough, Rye, Doncaster and Canterbury. Some of them reminded us that the profession of town-crier is a refuge for those who have been stricken in the battle of life. One at least of the competitors was blind and one was lame. They came to the scene of action in a manner that looked out of keeping with the clothes they wore. One gorgeously attired crier swept gracefully into the town on a bicycle, for riding which his garments certainly had never been devised. What makes for perfection in town-crying it is difficult to define. The winner on this occasion, William Law of Horsham, in conversation with a Press correspondent after the event, declared that he won simply by using his natural voice. He had tried to imagine that he was simply doing his ordinary crying at Horsham. He certainly enunciated his words with great clearness, and probably the manner in which he rang the bell beforehand was calculated to strike and hold attention. Many little arts combine to make the complete whole of a perfect crier. The first object is to draw attention, and this is not so easy as it looks to the casual observer. Those



THE TOWN-CRIER OF BURNHAM.



TOWN-CRIERS OF SIDMOUTH AND TOTNES.

who hear a town-crier only once in the course of a few years are naturally fascinated by the old-world method of announcement, and probably also by the picturesque clothing worn; but in few cases is the announcement meant for the ear of the visitor or temporary sojourner. It is addressed primarily to the inhabitants of the town or village, and long familiarity with the appearance and voice of the crier has taken away the feeling of novelty. By immemorial usage he carries a bell with him, and with this instrument he first secures the attention of the population. It is generally sufficient to make them turn an ear in the hope that they may hear some novel proclamation, or, at any rate, something which is in the nature of news. Speakers in the open air are well aware of the difficulty that lies in securing an audience, and it is amusing to the onlooker, in Hyde Park for example, to watch the various tricks and devices by which this preliminary step is secured. There used to be a preacher in Hyde Park who succeeded by placing his hat on the ground and deliberately and with a solemn countenance walking round and round it. In London, of course, if any passer-by stops to look at anything, he is certain of being joined by several other people, who instinctively turn their eyes in the same direction as his. There are generally idlers enough with sufficient curiosity to be arrested by the fact of a man walking deliberately round his hat. They come to the conclusion that he is probably meditating some feat or trick

that will be worth their attention. Even this ingenious contrivance becomes hackneyed with use, however; so it is with the bell, and hence the crier, in addition, very often utters the old French word used formerly at banquets, which as often as not he pronounces "Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!" Then follows the actual message which he has been sent out to cry. It may be important and it may be trivial. It may have the force of official authority, or may be merely the declaration of some individual with an end of his own to gain, as in the case of an article lost or goods to be sold. But it is curious to notice the importance with which one man will introduce a very commonplace notice, and the lack of importance with which another will make a very important statement. That is where the art of the

town-crier comes in. He must be, above all other things, clear, and, in the next place, convincing. It was a novel idea to institute a competition between the criers of various towns. In all probability none of those who came forward had ever had a similar opportunity of comparing their achievements with those of their neighbours. The town-crier is not accustomed to go abroad. It is of the very essence of his calling

that he should stay at home so as to be ready for any emergency. He has not, therefore, in many cases listened to the way in which brethren of the craft acquit themselves, and he may very well be excused if he thinks his own method the perfect one. But such an occasion as that of Friday must have opened the eyes of many who competed. They learned for the first time all the various shades of expression that could be introduced. They could compare the sonority of their own voices with that of others engaged in the performance of similar duties. They learned that some of their number spoke with the accent and pronunciation of educated men, while in a few cases the local

patois was very pronounced. The experience must have been as profitable as it was amusing. The crowd assembled at Devizes, at any rate, seemed to derive much satisfaction from the efforts of the rival criers, and from the diversity of dress which they presented. Many, no doubt, came from communities where the town-crier has long been superseded by the newspaper and the billed notice; for it is a truth there is no gainsaying, that the world ever tends to become more and more commonplace, and that in modern conditions the romantic and picturesque are forced to give place to what is humdrum and merely useful.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

THE REFERENDUM IN GOLF.

A STEP forward has been made in the direction of clearing up the question of the possibility and desirability of a standard ball for golf by the referendum that Mr. Garden Smith has submitted to a few prominent amateurs. The second part of the question is answered with a universal affirmative. Everybody thinks it would be a good thing that a standard ball be established. Few perhaps believe that it is possible. This referendum was to two hundred and fifty golfers only, and it simply asked the question whether they approved of the idea of the delegates for the amateur championship considering the possibility of ordaining a standard ball for that competition—a very guarded and non-committal proposition. Mr. Smith had a hundred and seventy, in round figures, answers, saying that the respondents were agreeable to the idea. Some agreed with a proviso; most wanted a good deal more in the way of standardisation than the requisition asked; but, on the whole, there was a strong majority in its favour as a first aid to standardisation of a ball for the game generally. That end was in the mind of most signatories—we may assume so much for granted.

MIGHT BE WIDELY EXTENDED.

We may, then, be grateful for even this little bit of clearance of greatly encumbered ground. But why not, it may be asked, carry the principle of referendum a great deal further in this connection? As a rule, when it is asked, "Why not have a referendum?" the answer is obvious, that a referendum is difficult to manage and expensive. In this case that answer does not fit. It only requires that some central body—the body to which we should perhaps look for the initiative is the Royal and Ancient Golf Club—should send a circular round to the principal clubs (that is a term which, I believe, would include about eight hundred clubs) asking them to circularise their members, or to call a special meeting of them, to decide whether they would like a committee to be appointed to go into the question of the establishment of a standard ball, the possibility of its establishment, and, if the possibility be proved, selection of the points for specification according to which such ball shall be made. The machinery, in this case, is fairly ready to hand for a referendum of this wide kind; it only requires setting in motion. But, of course, such movement of the machinery is very far indeed from a final solution of the question. That a rubber-cored ball can be maintained at a certain standard of drive and resiliency is a position which is upheld, as I understand, by one or two firms; but it has been denied by the representatives of several with whom I have had conversation, and it is distinctly disproved by all our experience, which goes conclusively to show that not only are different firms not able to turn out balls of the same standard, but that the standard of ball which one and the same firm turns out from time to time differs greatly, though every effort is made to keep the standard uniform. It is quite evident—at least, to my poor judgment it appears so—that the really essential qualities of a rubber-cored ball for golf are incapable of being standardised. Of course, the size and the weight can be standardised without the least difficulty, but that would not touch the trouble.

OUR CLOSER GOLFING RELATIONS WITH AMERICA.

It is a sign of the times, and it is a sign of which notice may be taken in

particular connection with the subject of present discussion, that a mutual arrangement of dates should be desired, and should be actually effected, between amateur championships on the two sides of the Atlantic. It was not so much the clash of dates, however, as a previous experience of the American sun in summer which inspired Mr. Hilton to write to Mr. Silas Strawn, who is president of the United States Golf Association, asking for a postponement of the amateur championship of the States to some later and less ardent date than that of July 29th, at which it had first been fixed. And the arena of contest is Chicago, where the blaze of the sun is not tempered to the scorched golfer. It needs to be an American born or a salamander to endure it, and Mr. Hilton, desirous to defend his title, wrote a lament. It is to the honour of American sportsmanship—their sporting sentiment also being desirous that Mr. Hilton should defend himself as champion—that the date was changed, in deference to his suggestion, to September 2nd; and seeing this evidence of good feeling and of close association in golf between us and the United States, an association further witnessed by the Americans who came to our amateur championship last year, and by the greater numbers that are proposing to come over this year—seeing all this, does it not behove us to go rather delicately in the matter of attempting standardisation of a ball for our amateur championship? Legislation, passed, perhaps, with not quite the consideration that was its due the year before last, excluding from the legitimate weapons of the game in this country the Schenectady putter, put rather a stiff strain on the bonds of that friendly association. Surely it would be doubtful wisdom, unless in the last stress of necessity created by the invention of some still further travelling balls, to pass any more legislation which would again produce a strain, or would intensify any element of strain which still persists from the old enactment. For my own part, I think we should not act for the best interests of the game if we were to set up any standard of ball—presuming a standard to be possible—without doing our very best to bring America into agreement in its use. For the future we ought, I think, to try to act as friends in council. H. G. H.

LANDMARKS.

On the way to the seventh hole at a very well-known course not far from London there was, till lately, a little, inconspicuous thorn bush. It stood in the heather some little distance from the edge of the fairway, and no one apparently paid much attention to it. Then the day arrived when a highly-distinguished player hooked his distinguished tee shot, and had a personal and painful encounter with the bush. That same evening he was seen creeping stealthily out in the twilight armed with a hatchet or some other instrument of woodcraft, and next day the bush had vanished. Now comes the curious part of the story. A perfect uproar was raised by various people, who discovered for the first time that the thorn bush was their dearest friend and ally. They had used it for years, half unconsciously, as a landmark; if their ball was past it they could carry the cross-bunker, and if they were short of it they had to play short of the bunker. Without the bush they felt quite lost, and the cross-bunker had many victims. It is, I suppose, in these landmarks and this rule-of-thumb knowledge, born of painful experience, that part of the local player's advantage over the stranger consists. I have been told that it is for this, among other reasons, that the Association



MR. W. RYDER RICHARDSON.

football player is so much more formidable on his own ground than on somebody else's. When in the course of a run he sees with the tail of his eye an advertisement of a particular toilet soap or pink pill, he knows where he is, and that he may, with propriety, shoot at goal. It is probably untrue, but it is rather a pleasing legend.

ANOTHER THORN BUSH.

Golfers, at any rate, have plenty of these landmarks, whether they gauge distances by them or aim at them. We all of us at certain holes frame at a windmill or a church spire, the house with the red roof or the green shutters. One golfer, of a highly theoretical turn of mind, can never, so I have been informed, quite make up his mind, when playing his tee shot to the home hole at St. Andrews, whether he should aim at the R or the A of the flaring gold letters that announce the whereabouts of the Grand Hotel. I know another little thorn bush that in its capacity of landmark has lured a good many people to destruction. It stands immediately behind the sixth hole at Woking, close to the edge of the green, and is a most convenient thing to aim at, if you do not aim too accurately. The winner of this summer's scratch medal at Woking aimed so straight at it that his ball lay under its shadow, and the poor man

took six to hole out, though he was quite close to the flag in two. However, he went round in 70, so perhaps he was not much to be pitied. I speak of this bush in the present tense, but I rather fancy it has now been removed. We have not in this prosaic country the prejudice that there is in Ireland against cutting down fairy thorn bushes.

MR. W. RYDER RICHARDSON.

Mr. Ryder Richardson is a very busy and important person in the world of golf. In the first place, he is the secretary of the Royal St. George's Golf Club at Sandwich, whither he migrated some years ago from Hoylake. Then he is also the secretary of the Amateur Championship Committee, and knows all the inner secrets of those mysterious people called the delegates. It is in connection with championship meetings that one generally thinks of Mr. Ryder Richardson. He is always a well-known figure there with his familiar breeches and gaiters and a loud and cheerful voice, restoring to order a huddled mob of terrified spectators. Indeed, he has a genius for organising and managing things possessed by few. Mr. Richardson is a good golfer, though he plays but little now, and he was in his younger days a very fine Rugby football player, playing half-back both for Oxford and England.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AT THE ZOO.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—You may like to publish the enclosed photograph; it represents one of the snow leopards which were obtained in Kashmir by Captain Oliver. They arrived at Liverpool on Saturday, and were sent to London on Monday by rail. The young snow leopards are now on view at the Zoological Gardens. The jaguar shown in the other photograph was born on January 21st of last year. It is hoped that another one has been born this year; but as the first did not show itself till the end of March, the existence of cubs is just now an inference from the sounds. This animal showed a tendency to develop rickets in its youth, but under the treatment it has received in the Gardens, it has recovered condition, except in so far that the body seems a little too heavy for its legs.—W. S. B.

WATER-CLOCKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am interested in the description and illustration of Mr. H. T. Barker's water-clock in COUNTRY LIFE of last week. These ancient horological relics, which are so scarce as to be found only in a few museums and collections, are now among the commonest of antiques. This sounds paradoxical, but is a fact. They are to be met with especially at dealers' at seaside and other resorts. One is familiar with the signs over such shops, which frequently read, "Ye Olde Curiositie Shoppe." They may also be often seen displayed in country villages, where various small tradesmen dabble in "antiques." This village antique trade has largely sprung up since the advent of motor-cars, as they are now reached by people, with money in their pockets, motoring through, who espy the antiques displayed in "unsophisticated" grocers', drapers', bootmakers', saddlers', bakers', etc., shops, and taking for granted that such goods in such out-of-the-way places must be genuine, they purchase freely, and go home rejoicing and hugging the "find" to their bosom. Alas! there is now a regular trade of "planting" antiques through our country villages, and "travellers" are constantly going through the country for that purpose. But to return to the water-clocks. They are made in Birmingham, and turned out very cleverly. The effect of age is produced by various methods, giving the due tarnished and oxidised aspect of old brass. Dents and scratches are cunningly added, and the most natural "pittings" are created by the simple application of acid, which eats into the metal and gives the



THE SNOW LEOPARD.



YOUNG JAGUAR.

appearance of the decay which takes place from age and neglect. These "pittings," however, are among the easiest "fakes" to spot. They are generally too symmetrical, and I have seen them in some cases, oddly enough, only displayed on the front and not at the back, the artist forgetting that age and decay attack all sides. The illustration referred to, contributed by Mr. Barker, shows a pattern that I am very familiar with. Strangely enough, I recently met one which was sold by a village antiquity-monger no less than four times, and each time was returned

by the purchasers, who had fortunately had their eyes opened by friends who knew the type of "fake." This was identical with Mr. Barker's, even to the carving on the ancient oak frame. It is one of the patterns of water-clocks most frequently to be met with; but there are several others. Some have mediæval figures of monks or knights carved on the woodwork. Though the makers of these clocks are very clever with the brasswork—which is their trade—they generally fall down over the antique woodwork, which can be detected almost by the tyro. There will frequently be found, side by side with the water-clocks, other ancient brass articles, especially "chestnut-roasters," attractive, round, perforated, box-like affairs with long handles. For roasting chestnuts they will answer just as well as the genuine old ones, and look very pretty. The water-clocks always have quaint antique mottoes, etc., inscribed, as on Mr. Barker's, and for some reason which I do not grasp yet, many of them have seaport towns as their alleged place of origin. I should be sorry to cast doubts on Mr. Barker's "find," as it is quite possible he possesses one of the extremely rare originals from which these alluring and superabundant copies have been made. Neither have I a word to say against the manufacturers of these antique goods, as their trade is entirely legitimate and caters for those who wish to possess them. Moreover, their water-clocks are quite equal to the originals, as are their chestnut-roasters and sundials; and, as regards the latter, I should be quite content to have one in my garden, provided I bought it for what it really is, and at trade price, which for all these things is absurdly low. But what one does resent is that dealers in such should unconsciously gull the public into believing they are really old. Purchasers of these, and, indeed, all antiques, should insist on the vendor giving a *distinct guarantee* as to genuineness, and it should be given readily in writing. All respectable dealers are always glad to do this.—CAVEAT EMPTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sorry to say anything to put Mr. H. T. Barker out of conceit with his water-clock illustrated in your number of February 24th, but there is only the merest probability that it is anything else but one of the many "fakes" of various patterns that have been lately flooding the market. I should like to ask Mr. Barker, does he know the history of his clock? and if it was purchased from a dealer, did he ask for the very necessary guarantee of authenticity? for genuine clocks of this type are exceedingly rare. I, a few months ago, bought in an unguarded moment a clock of identical pattern—the engraving certainly was somewhat different—the dial being ornamented with the signs of the Zodiac—and the maker—I forget his precise name—purported to have been of Southampton in the year 1636, while the motto was "Tyme passeth Awaie." This clock was a remarkably clever "fake," and its condition had been made more natural by having evidently been kept for some time in a damp cellar or, may be, underground. However, when I examined it at my leisure at home, I soon discovered the fraud, and insisted on the dealer taking it back, which he did without demur—a fair criterion of how matters lay. I should suggest that Mr. Barker cut a chip out of the oak supports of his clock and judge whether wood close on three hundred years old would not be harder than he finds it, unless the counterfeiter has aggravated his other sins by using genuine old wood. One cannot judge by the brass, for it is child's play to give this metal a pseudo-antique appearance by the use of acid carefully applied. As a matter of fact, I could give the name of the particular firm that produced the clock that deceived me, and I have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Barker's specimen came from the same source. One more point. Is Mr. Barker satisfied that a clockmaker of the name inscribed existed at all at Ipswich? for I could find no such evidence in the case of Southampton. I must apologise for the length of this letter, but every effort should be made to put lovers of the antique on their guard against such criminal impositions as these, and your widely-read paper provides the very best means to that desirable end.—H. M. BRAYBROOKE.

[We are glad to publish the warning letters of our correspondents. It may, however, be interesting to know that not only is Mr. Barker a careful and experienced collector, but before publishing his letter we took the precaution of submitting it to a well-known antiquary, at whose suggestion the clock was re-photographed.—ED.]

THE WANDERING GULL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You may be sufficiently interested to reproduce the enclosed photograph of a black-headed gull. It was taken on the Lake of Geneva, and although the gull breeds inland in Switzerland as in other countries, it is interesting to find it so far from the sea.—F. MORDAUNT.

[An attempt has been made to number the Geneva gulls, and we hope to publish an article in which they will be fully dealt with. Gulls travel long distances, as our correspondent will see from the letter which follows. ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph of a gull that recently arrived at Eastbourne after a flight of something like eight hundred miles. It was discovered by Mr. E. Morris (who is holding it) in his fowl-run, quietly feeding among his hens. It was noticed that it had a ring on the leg, which can be seen in the photograph, and on enquiry it was found to have escaped or been liberated from Rossitten in East Prussia, and has now been handed over to an agent of a society there.—JAMES COSTER.

IMPURITIES IN LONDON MILK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

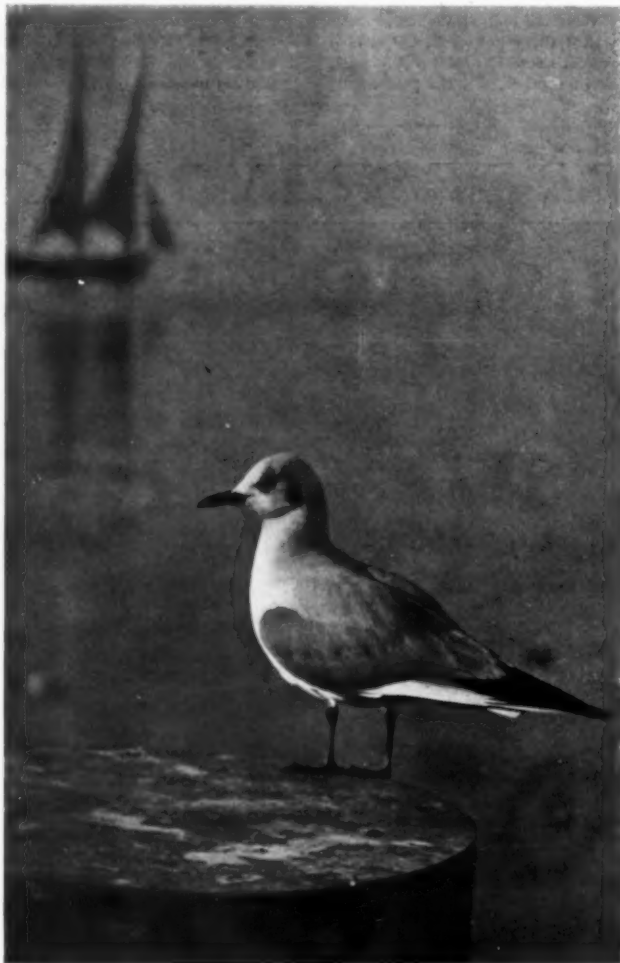
SIR,—The photographs of the sediment extracted from London milk which appeared in your issue of February 10th certainly look most repulsive, but one is unable to tell by the illustrations what the sediment consists of. Have you, Sir, conclusive proof that it is entirely composed of filth that falls into the milk before it leaves the farmers' cowsheds? The question of milk sediment has been looked into before by practical farmers anxious to supply pure milk, and also by scientists. After the farmer has delivered his milk at his local station, it often becomes contaminated by means which are beyond his control. To quote a few:

1. However carefully a milk churn is sealed, smuts and dust will penetrate into it on a railway journey, more especially if the churn is ventilated.

2. In the process of emptying milk churns, especially if it takes place at a railway station, dust that has collected on the outside of a churn or that is flying about is apt to get into the milk.

3. Milk-sellers often stir up a yellow powder—I am told it is perfectly harmless—in the milk to give it a rich appearance; this causes a sediment.

I quite agree that farmers should see that the cowsheds, cows and milkers are as clean as possible; from my experience, farmers in a large way of business are careful. For many years I had a milk round and dairy shop in a large country town, which I ran in connection with a farm. The milk sold was fresh from the cow morning and afternoon, free from preservatives and artificial colouring, and as clean as possible. It is true I worked up a good business; but although my customers were mostly well-educated and well-to-do persons, many left me in the summer if milk was hawked round at three-halfpence per pint—it mattered not where it came from or how it was produced—because it was a halfpenny a pint cheaper than my price. Others fell away every winter because the milk I sold was not artificially coloured a bright yellow. One of the most up-to-date tenant farmers that I know of has a large herd of cows from which he weeded out any animal that failed to pass the tuberculin test. When last I saw him he told me that, in spite of having gone to this trouble and expense, he had failed in obtaining one farthing more per gallon for his milk in consequence. I venture to suggest, Sir, that the consumer of milk stands in far more need of education than the dairy-farmer.—W.



THE "FRESH-WATER GULL."

carried down for measuring out into a basement where lived six adults and several dogs. To save trouble of carrying down, the churns were sometimes washed on the pavement, with buses and other traffic passing and dust-carts going their rounds. While these conditions prevail at distributing centres, it is not fair to lay most of the blame for impurities on the shoulders of the dairy-farmer.—COUNTRY-BRED.



A WANDERER FROM GERMANY.

MAJOR HOPKINS' SKETCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice in your issue of February 17th a reproduction of one of Major Hopkins' sketches, entitled "An Old Match at Westward Ho!" As, no doubt, you would wish what appears in your valuable paper to be as accurate as possible, and as the writer of the article signed "H. G. H." confesses to be unaware who the figures in the sketch represent, I venture to inform you that the scene is taken at Hoylake, not Westward Ho! and that the upright figure represents Mr. Amey, while the other is a portrait of Mr. Henry Grierson putting. Mr. Amey was an old resident at Hoylake in the early days of golf there when there were very few players, and was to be found daily in the clubroom, which at that time was in the Royal Hotel, kept by Mr. Ball, sen. The railway from Birkenhead to Hoylake became bankrupt, and the creditors took possession of the rails (for about a mile) at each end. The consequence was that the line practically began and ended in green fields, but the trains ran as usual.—W. H. H.

A CAT AND MUSIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with interest in your paper of February 3rd an account of dogs' dislike to music, and thought I would add one about a cat. When my

daughter begins to sing puss crawls away to the door and, finding it shut, returns, jumps from the ground to her shoulder and walks before her mouth, round her neck. She can scarcely sing for laughing, but puss keeps up the walking round as long as she sings. On one occasion when she sang the same song twice he



AN UNDERGROUND STABLE.

bring the animals to the surface, to be sent to farms or stabled in the vicinity, or to provide for them in the pits, the miners' representatives having consented to allow a certain number of men to take charge of the mines for the purpose, among other things, of ensuring the welfare of the ponies.—E. G. FAIRHOLME, Secretary, Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 105, Jermyn Street.

[We show above a group of ponies down a coal-mine. It will be noted that they wear masks to protect their heads.—Ed.]

FOOD FOR THRUSHES, BLACKBIRDS AND ROBINS.

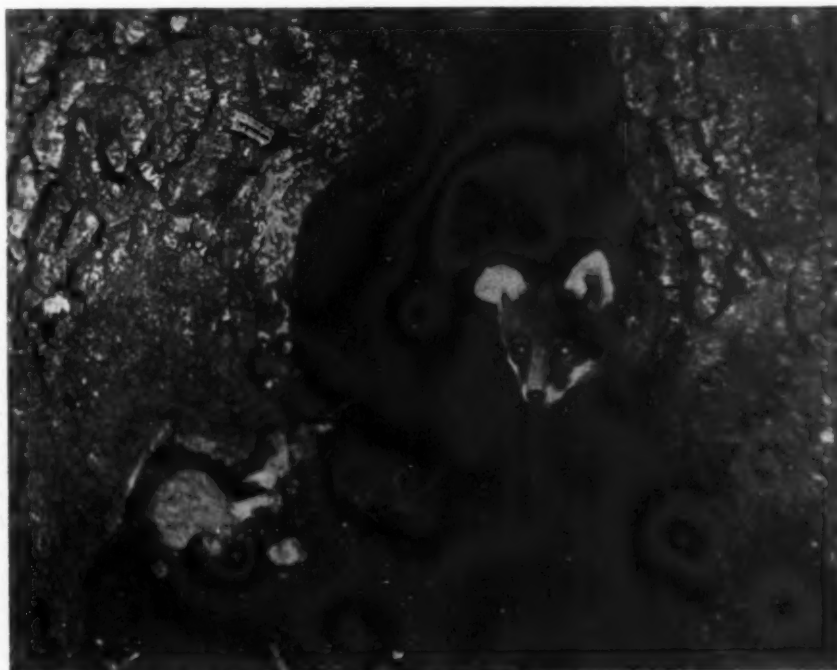
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to the enquiry as to the above, I find that thrushes and blackbirds eat most greedily of dog-biscuit, soaked until it is quite soft; and blackbirds and robins are fonder still of coarse oatmeal thrown out in handfults. The tits and starlings are also extremely fond of oatmeal. During the recent cold weather, I think we must have fed hundreds of blackbirds and starlings, besides tits, robins and a few thrushes, on soaked dog-biscuit and oatmeal. They all of them are very fond of lard, and a lump of it is soon gone.—LILLA DE YARBURGH-BATESON.

PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the repair of ancient buildings by traditional methods has had no greater advocate than COUNTRY LIFE, I venture to draw attention to a flagrant example of another method of dealing with an historic building of Cambridge University. Queen's College is regarded by students as one of the most charming of the brick-built colleges, and by all visitors as perhaps the most picturesque in Cambridge. The "Cloister" court receives most attention. Especially interesting is the two-storeyed overhanging gallery of the President's Lodge, erected about 1541, which connects the earlier east and west buildings. Those familiar with this north wing, built above the old brick cloister, will remember the oak-framed oriels, the carved brackets and the broad white plaster surfaces overlying the timber framing of the gallery. It is a matter for regret that this wing has been drastically transformed in character by being changed into a half-timber structure during an extensive scheme of alteration



READY TO BOLT.

and repair. An elaborate range of vertical oak timbers is now exposed—timbers never intended to be seen—thereby removing the quiet restraint of plain surfaces and giving place to a scheme of oak and plaster work. The native oak is coated with a preparation of most unpleasant colour, while the intervening spaces are filled in with plaster, the basis of which consists of thin "prepared" plaster slabs. This drastic process has been extended to other parts of the gallery wing. Thus disappears a well-known example of the art of English plastering and, incidentally, the charm of one of the most picturesque courts in any University. The substitution is most heartily to be deplored, as it gives the court an appearance never intended by its original builder.—W. A. FORSYTH, F.R.I.B.A.

THE CHOIR OF NORTHCRAV CHURCH, KENT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At this church, thirteen miles from London, where in 1836 Sims Reeves, at the age of fourteen, was organist, the choir is still composed of girls. They



THE ANCIENT DRESS OF VILLAGE SCHOOLGIRLS.

wear the costume once worn by all village schoolgirls, namely, Red-Riding-Hood cloaks over ordinary dresses in winter, and blue overalls with white fichus in summer.—CANTO.

"FEATHER" IN OAK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in COUNTRY LIFE of February 17th a reply to "G. S. R.'s" question of February 3rd, regarding the treatment of new oak to give it the appearance of age. The answer is, I think, wrong. May I give some information not gathered from story-books? Of course, the carpenter will finish with not too fine glasspaper, or else clean from the plane, just as it may be determined. Then make a water solution of stone (caustic) potash, adding fine brown umber. When this is mixed, try its strength and colour on the wood about to be used, and, if necessary, use burnt umber or gas-black to modify and tone the colour. Having settled the proportions, etc., make up a quantity to do the whole work

with, and wash over the same, using an old brush or rag on a stick, and well rubbing it off. Some parts may require a second wash. When quite dry, well rub into the grain plain fresh linseed oil (not boiled), and dry off. After a few days take a wax-brush well charged with beeswax and rub it well for some time over the surface, and this should be repeated once a week until you get an appearance hardly to be distinguished from old oak.—FRANCIS H. KEEBLE.

REYNARD AT HOME

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I beg to submit the enclosed fox subject for your consideration, which shows Reynard at home. This fox made its home in the trunk of a tree in a wood near here, and the photograph was secured by getting the gamekeeper to go behind the tree to disturb it, and snapping it when it came out.—A. COLLIER, Little Weighton, Hull.

SEEDTIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps in no other branch of husbandry has machinery made such an entire revolution as in all that concerns the processes of tilling, sowing and reaping. Very soon, even in the most out-of-the-way districts, the old implements will have ceased to exist, while the men who can use them are daily growing fewer, and declare the rising generation to be alike incapable of the skill and the strength needed for them. "Oo'd ye git to drive a breast-plough now-a-days?" the yask, scornfully. "Why these young 'uns 'd goo famelled afore they'd tak' 'olt an' use it." "Breast-plough" is rather a misnomer, as its long handle was pressed against wooden boards worn on the front of the thighs of the ploughman. Another almost obsolete implement is the "long-tailed" horse plough. Made entirely of wood, with the exception of its iron-shod share, it possessed many advantages for a heavy soil, having no wheel to get clogged by sticky clay, while its broad share-board turned a wide furrow, which made better walking both for man and horse, in a wet season. The depth

of the furrow was regulated by raising or lowering the beam by means of the harness, by which it was attached to the "filler" (the last horse of the team). This made it heavier work for the horse; as for the man, why, "'tis as 'ard to balance a long-tailed plough as 'tis to guide a 'ooman!" In ploughing for wheat it was usual to "ridge up," i.e., cast the furrow up towards the top of the ridge, the reason for this being that the wheat was planted in early autumn and had to stand the winter, so "ef you ridged down, you'd 'ave the wet lay an' perish the corn." Sixty and seventy years ago wheat was sown broadcast and ploughed in, while behind the plough came a man to trample in any seed that was left uncovered—"treadin' the wheat" they called it. It was deemed a great advance on this wasteful process when the "one-man drill" was introduced. This primitive piece of machinery was a small box mounted on a single wheel, which was drawn by one man, while another regulated the dropping of the corn from the box into the furrow. It was hard work, especially for the draught man, and when the dibble was brought into other counties from Oxfordshire, it was universally adopted, and Worcestershire and Warwickshire folk became "desprit dibblers." The dibber, or dibble, is an iron rod, about the length of a walking-stick, with a wooden handle and shod with a wooden peg. Holding one in either hand, the operator walked backwards; with a sharp turn of the wrist outwards he made the holes, while after him followed two women or girls, who dropped in the seed and kicked in the earth to cover it. Beans, which if weather permitted were generally planted about Candlemass, were

also sometimes set with a dibble, but more often with a wooden peg. This is the method still practised by the people on their allotments, but the old men say "none on 'em does it right nowadays." The proper way was to set up to the ridge, making the holes with the peg in your right hand and dropping in the beans with your left; then you kicked down to the furrow, that is, kicked the soil into the holes made in setting up to the ridge in the previous row. Now,

it follows that in setting up from the right-hand furrow the left hand must cross the right to drop the beans, and it is this "settin' back'anded" that proves too hard for degenerate moderns, "so they straddles all across the ridge a-settin' an' 'as to kick up 'ill a-comin' back, meakin' it 'arder work by 'arf. An' they don't do it reg'lar, neither; yer foot orter follow yer 'and." The holes are made about four inches apart, and the usual allowance is three beans to a hole, though a local proverb gives a more liberal measure:

One for the pigeon, two
for the crow,
Three to go rotten, and
four to grow.

Barley was sown broadcast and ploughed in, and then a second cast sown and harrowed. Beans were harrowed when about four

inches high. Very curious to modern eyes are the old wooden harrows, the light ones very like wooden rakes with iron teeth, while heavy ones, very large and cumbersome, were made with iron sleds on the top, and were turned "bottom up'ards" to be dragged on these when they had to be moved from one place to another, otherwise "they'd a'bin bruk all to pieces." "Weedin', that wur the wimin's job." The clover seed was sown, and "hoved in," and later, when the corn was about a foot high, they went "paddlin'," that is, weeding with a paddle or spud. "An' I kin tell yer as the lands was kept clean in them days; no farmer 'd 'ave the squitch an' mullock about they does now." The foregoing will give some slight idea of the amount of manual labour there was for man, woman and child throughout the seedtime of the good old days sixty and seventy years ago.—M. STANTON.

A STORY OF A GREENFINCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the last severe frost a greenfinch flew into my maid's room partly stunned. It remained in captivity, feeding well and quite happy, for ten days, when it flew away. My maid the following morning left the cage on the window-sill, the open door of the cage facing the room, while she went to her breakfast. On her return she found the greenfinch back in the cage, and he is now very happy in my big aviary. The weather was quite mild then, as this happened on Thursday, February 8th.—EDITH NEELD.



THE OLD LONG-TAILED WOODEN PLOUGH.



BEAN-SETTING, USING THE PEG BACK-HANDED.



DIBBING FOR WHEAT.



TIPPING THE BREAST-PLOUGH.